

The Elks

Mag

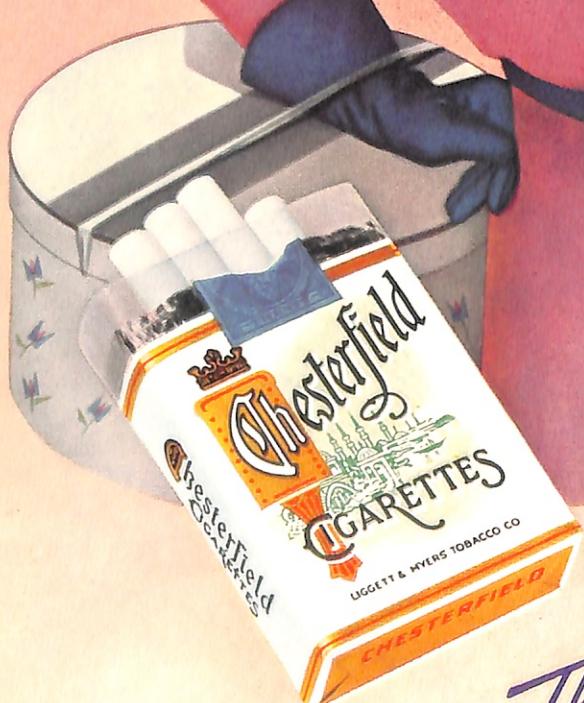
MAY, 1938



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Message

to the incoming and
retiring Lodge Officers

Dear Brothers:

May I extend a word of greeting to the new officers of Subordinate Lodges and congratulate you upon the opportunity which is yours for the coming year—an opportunity for civic service in your communities and a broader field of service to your country as the elected leaders of our great national fraternity.

We closed our fiscal year on March 31st and by the time this message is read we will have definite figures showing what progress has been made. From the evidence at hand, we will have a decided increase in membership, despite present economic conditions. This speaks volumes for the able and enthusiastic labors of your Exalted Rulers who have so recently retired from office.

I also wish to express my gratitude to the Secretaries who, throughout the year, have given prompt and unstinted cooperation in every phase of our activities. The Subordinate Lodge activities during the last year have never been equalled in the history of our Order.

The National Safety Campaign conducted by the retiring officers should be carried on by the newly-installed Exalted Rulers. It has been most effective in reducing traffic deaths and accidents throughout the country, and it has also produced tremendous good will for the Order in every community where this activity has been undertaken.

May I also suggest to the new Exalted Rulers that they draft for committee work the new members who have joined our ranks during the current year. You must give them work to do if you would hold their interest.

Plan a large delegation from your lodge to our National Convention in Atlantic City in July. It is mandatory that your lodge send the incoming Exalted Ruler as a delegate, but the larger your delegation, the greater will be the enthusiasm on the part of your membership for the fine things which are being done by our fraternity as a whole. Those who attend this Convention will have a better understanding of what our Order stands for in America in more than 1400 cities. Incidentally, they will have a good time. The convention conditions at Atlantic City are ideal, the hotel accommodations are more than adequate and the prices agreed upon are far lower than in previous convention years.

It is hoped that every State Association will have a float and a marching unit in what is planned to be the greatest parade of its kind ever held on the Boardwalk.

In conclusion may I again extend my sincere appreciation to you retiring Exalted Rulers for your loyal support and the able conduct of your administration, and to wish for our newly-installed officers a year of accomplishment and progress. You will have it if you are wise enough to enlist the support and assistance of every member of your lodge. They want to help—ask them.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . ."—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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MAY 1938

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*"Three's company
when it's me..
my pipe.. and
VELVET"*

—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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Better smoking tobacco

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I USED to think Dusty was dumb. Maybe he is prosecuting attorney, just the same, the night before the trial I slipped over to his office to give him some advice. I helped myself to a chair and said, "Dusty, what you fetching Luke Caslin to trial for?"

"I figure he shot Kipe Taft," Dusty said. It was kind of a drone.

"Sure. So do I," I told him. "But what's the use of figuring? You've got nothing on Luke. The Federal Bureau of Investigation's been sending men in here for years, the best liquor and narcotics agents they have. And what do they get? Nothing—nothing, except the last two. They took down with sleeping sickness—Luke's kind of sleeping sickness."

Dusty looked at me in his simple, serious way leaning well forward.

"The Federal Bureau's all right on kidnaping, bank robbery and civilized hell generally, Sam," he said. "Civilized folks live by formula. These natives are not civilized."

I ought to know something about Casper County and the Oregon Coast, running *The Nugget Beach Clarion* in this God-forsaken hole forty years or more. I told Dusty to get back from the window. Glass leaks lead. Log walls don't.

"You tried a private detective, and not a single clue," I said.

Dusty grinned—a sheepish grin. He sat back and clasped his hands behind his head, arms sticking out like fence-rails to the elbow. "Private detectives are a lot like Government men," he said.

I gave it up. We didn't say anything for a long while.

Dusty drifted in here a year or so back. One look at him was enough—tall and thin and a little stooped, and talked like he was afraid of his own shadow. I never heard anybody so dry. He wasn't good for hayfever or sinus, so we called him Dusty and never acted like he was around—that is, till one of the hill-billies winked and said he'd make a prosecutor. That took. They put him in because they like to keep up appearances and there was nobody else crazy

enough to run for it. The others all took their duties too serious and had to get out in a hurry—all but one; he folded up with a pea-ball bullet in his head for fussing around over Old Jupe's affairs. I'll come to that later.

Well, about the time Dusty made a mess out of his first case and had the whole county laughing up its sleeve, a professor with fancy whiskers happened along on a vacation to Crater Lake and the lower Rogue country; and while I was interviewing him and kidding him along, he got to asking me questions about Dusty and what he was doing in these sticks. Seems that he'd had Dusty in his law classes, back in some college they call Harvard. He sure was proud of Dusty, only he didn't call him that. He got to clucking about what a hard time Dusty'd

had, how his father had been killed in some feud, how his mother was a widow, and how Dusty'd come down out of the Kentucky hills and worked his way through with honors, and what a brilliant fellow he was, and what a future in law he had. Well, sir, knowing Dusty, I kept it under my hat. I didn't want to shake anybody's confidence in my nose for news.

Like I said, we sat there a while and said nothing. Finally I yawned and told him, "Dusty, how you ever squeezed an indictment out of that grand jury's a mystery to me—no evidence, no witnesses, nothing. And most of them Old Jupe's hill-billies, too."

Dusty gave me that same old dumb, sympathetic look. "They wanted to see Old Jupe show me up in court again, Sam," he said. "The

Pea-Ball Lullaby

By H. W. Whicker

Illustrated by
L. R. GUSTAVSON



Dusty started those two bullets rolling in his palm. Old Jupe jumped up. "Your Honor, I object to Counsel's obvious and inhuman attempts to intimidate this witness."

hill-billie has a rather grim sense of humor. I depend upon it for my indictments."

"Maybe so," I said, still dense, "but with no evidence and no witnesses you can't present a case against Luke. Old Jupe's too smart a lawyer to put him on the stand where you can get at him in cross-examination. Old Jupe's got you licked right there."

"I don't know about that, Sam," Dusty drawled as soft as silk. "Old Jupe will. He can't help himself. If he doesn't, the natives will miss their usual fun. . . . You say I have no witnesses."

"That's right."

Dusty leaned forward. "Sam," he whispered, "I have one witness that's ready to testify against human nature in any court on earth."

"Who's that?" I said, more to

humor him than anything else. "Vanity," he said.

"Try swearing vanity in," I said. "I also have another witness—a more material witness."

"A nice, big chunk of conscience this time, I reckon."

Dusty fished a bullet out of his pocket, about the size of a pea. He pushed it across the desk top with the point of his finger.

"Sure," I said. "They took that out of Kipe's head at the inquest, I know that. You know what rifle fired it? There's a dozen muzzle-loaders in these parts."

"Luke Caslin's rifle fired it, Sam." "You can't prove that, Dusty."

He put the bullet back in his pocket. He looked at me a little queer and came about as near to a chuckle as he ever gets.

We heard a heavy, solid step out-

side. There was a knock on the door, and, not much concerned, Dusty said, "Come in, Jupe."

Old Jupe edged and pushed himself in—he'd fill any door full. He's not quite so tall as Dusty, but he's about ten times as wide and about ten times as thick, and kind of dark and shaggy and puts you in mind of a bald-face grizzly. I always tie up inside when he's around.

"Have a chair," Dusty said.

Old Jupe scratched a match across Dusty's desk top and touched it to his cigar. His eyes squinted at Dusty through the smoke. Dusty looked as timid as a cotton-tail bunny.

Old Jupe kept smoking—slow, lazy puffs.

That Jupe! He's a card. Name's Rampeau, but one day in court, when he got to roaring objections,

Dusty told him not to yell like Old Jupiter, and it was so funny to think of Dusty making a come-back for once, that the name, shortened down to Old Jupe, stuck. I hear he was a big criminal lawyer back in Chicago in the old Capone days, and had to get out.

Well, anyway, we don't ask many questions about a man's past, and it wasn't long till Old Jupe was permanent here in Nugget Beach. Some hill-billy was hauled into court about a still. Old Jupe got him off—pulled a fast one. The hill-billies sure took to him after that. Next thing you know, he was making monkeys out of the Federals and packing Casper County juries, and having his way generally—branched out in every direction, logging operation and lumber mill, salmon cannery, fleet of trollers, anything. He lined the hill-billies up and had them making mountain dew, and a lively kind of dew it was. I've known them to put muriatic acid into it to give it a kick. That stuff went out of here by the truck-load. The Federals came in all right, but Old Jupe made them look the way country bumpkins do when they see card tricks and magic.

When Repeal knocked the bottom out of the liquor racket, Old Jupe formed connections with the Orient on dope. Sent his trollers out to Jap tramps. He



sure had the Federal Bureau dizzy. Opium and a lot of other stuff I don't know the names of got to circulating everywhere along the Pacific Coast, and they knew that most of it leaked in through Nugget Beach, but they couldn't pin a thing on Old Jupe. Why, once a raft of white cedar logs went out of here for the Columbia River, and plugged in two-inch holes bored in the butts of those logs was enough heroin to keep the whole Northwest going for months. It took Old Jupe to figure out things like that.

He made money hand-over-fist, only he didn't put on any dog in front of the hill-billies, not him. He'd slip off to 'Frisco, or Tia Juana, or New York for that, but mostly he stuck around to keep his eye on things. Naturally, he had to have a trigger man, so that's where Luke Caslin came in. Being a Blue Ridger from a long way back, and kind of an artist in his line, Luke used a muzzle-loading, pea-ball rifle.

Yes sir, Jupe's a card. Yes sir, there in front of him Dusty looked as timid as a cotton-tail bunny.

Old Jupe rolled what was left of his cigar over in the corner of his mouth. "Well, Dusty," he said, "you about ready to drop that charge against Luke?"

Dusty blinked—the same as a turtle would if you threw him into a brush fire.

"What you fussing around with a trial for?" Old Jupe asked.

"It's my duty, Jupe," Dusty said. I never heard such a simple drone. "The grand jury brought an indictment against Luke."

Old Jupe laughed, a nasty laugh. "Well, Dusty," he said, standing up to go, "I just dropped in to tell you that you'll never get a conviction in a Casper County court, unless Santa Claus wraps a confession up in your sock and hangs it on the witness stand for you."

Dusty looked like he'd been slapped—but then, he always does.

Old Jupe slammed the door.

It was getting late. I wished Dusty luck and told him good night. The surf was running lazy over the bar. The stars were out. I went to bed. I kept waking up all night from dreaming I was curled up in a nest of rattlesnakes.

Court was crowded full of hillbillies next morning. How they ever find out all that's going on is a mystery to me. Casper County's the second largest county in the U. S. A. and the only one that don't have a telegraph line nor a railroad. I put in a telephone a year or so back so I could call the A.P. for spot news before I go to press, but there's no other way of communicating that you'd call modern—none. Just the same, news spreads and spreads fast, the kind of news you can't publish and don't dare talk much about—moccasin telegraph, I guess, but I won't go into that.

Most of the old timers I knew here in the early days were guerillas from

Quantrel's gang. They had to settle out here on the end of the earth. The bounties on predatory animals would of got them anywhere else. Most of the old folks are dead and laid away, but their litter's just as bad and maybe worse. Their notion of dress clothes at a Nugget Beach dance is brass knucks and a bowie knife and what the soap advertisements call B.O. Get close to one of them, Luke especially, and you won't mind playing ring-around-the-rosie with a can of T.N.T. instead of a lady's handkerchief.

The hill-billies were sitting around in court and saying nothing, and no more expression on their faces than mummies. They were chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor and waiting for Old Jupe to show Dusty up, and blue-belly flies a-buzzing where they spat, and old witch-women smoking cob pipes and chewing, too—and the smells they had! The Pacific Ocean's plenty big off the Jaws of the Rogue here, but it don't stir up much enthusiasm in a hill-billy for a bath.

Old Jupe lumbered in.

Dusty stalked after him. He looked like a stork in a marsh with a cannon ball in its belly.

The sheriff led Luke to a chair. Luke's lank and tall, all bone and whip-cord, with a kind of walnut color skin stretched over his cheek bones the same as a beaver pelt fleshed out on a bent fir bough. Ever see a diamond rattle's eyes close up? That's the kind Luke has. Like two pieces of flint with razor edges broke off in them for pupils; only compared with Luke's, a rattle's eyes have a nice, sociable look in them.

Well, the courtroom stood up for Judge Hartshorn—he makes them, he's not afraid to lay these hillbillies out. He's spent most of his life trying to bring law and order to Casper County.

The clerk read the indictment and there was a big row over the jurors, and when it ended that jury was about the toughest looking bunch you ever saw in any court—Old Jupe's worst. On top of that, Dusty had to get up and bore it to death. I never heard anything so dry as his outline of what he called the State's case. Laying aside a lot of whereses and other legal rubbish, and the fact that everybody was either grinning and waiting to see Old Jupe eat him up, or yawning, the tail-end of his talk went something like this. He wanted to be frank. He had been secretly in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation for months before Kipe Taft was shot, and he'd sent the San Francisco office information about a shipment of drugs due down there from here. Kipe was one of Old Jupe's men, the weak link in his chain, his spy and informer, and Old Jupe knew he'd do anything for a little money or to save his hide—right there I got my first, good chill.

It seems that three days before

the arrival of that shipment in San Francisco Dusty had called Kipe into his office—for a friendly chat, nothing more. And the night before the shipment, he'd called Kipe in again for another one of that kind of chats.

"And so, gentlemen of the jury," Dusty wound up, "the Federal officers seized that shipment early the next morning. Now it's quite likely, gentlemen, that Kipe had not been unobserved on his way to and from my office. It's quite likely, too, that Jupe concluded that the information



had leaked out through Kipe. You can see, I trust, why Kipe received one of Luke's pea-ball bullets in the back of his head."

Yes sir, when I thought of the way Dusty'd framed Kipe on that shipment, and him telling it so dry like, I woke up like you'd wake up if you saw a flash of lightning snoozing in a sack of chaff, and I can tell you that Old Jupe didn't look so good and the hill-billies quit grinning and yawning.

"You may call your first witness,"

Old Judge said, looking very dry.

Dusty shifted from one foot to the other and scratched his head. "Your Honor," he said, "I have no witnesses, in the generally accepted sense of the term."

Old Judge got red around the gills. "Then how in hell," he snapped, "are you going to present the State's case?"

Dusty just hemmed and hawed.

"Unless you got witnesses," Old Judge told him, looking like he wanted to choke him, "I must dis-

miss this case for lack of evidence—"

You should of seen Old Jupe come up. "Just a moment, Your Honor," he bawled, plastering on a lot of big words. "Mister Caslin, the defendant, is charged with the heinous crime of murder, before his friends and neighbors. Whether this charge is dismissed or not, the implication is an ugly one. I positively demand that the defendant be allowed to take the stand and enter a denial! I insist that this denial be established as a matter of legal fact and legal record!"

Right there, I settled back, a little limp from thinking how I'd tried to give Dusty advice. Luke took the stand and was sworn. Old Jupe planted himself in front of Luke and said, "Luke, have you ever killed a man?"

"Nope," Luke said, looking saintly.

"Did you shoot Kipe Taft?"

"No sir," Luke said. "I thought as much of Kipe as I would if he was my own brother."

"You may take the witness," Old Jupe told Dusty, and I could see the hill-billies sitting forward for the fun of hearing Old Jupe pester Dusty with objections.

Dusty started in on Luke, so meek and humble you'd of thought he was going to apologize for being on earth. He fished the pea-ball bullet out of his pocket. He took another one out and put it in his left palm beside the first.

Maybe you think Luke's mouth didn't gape open, and Old Jupe's, too. Maybe you think I wasn't on the edge of my chair. I knew dam' well that they only took one bullet out of Kipe's head at the inquest. Sure got me about this second one—it sure did.

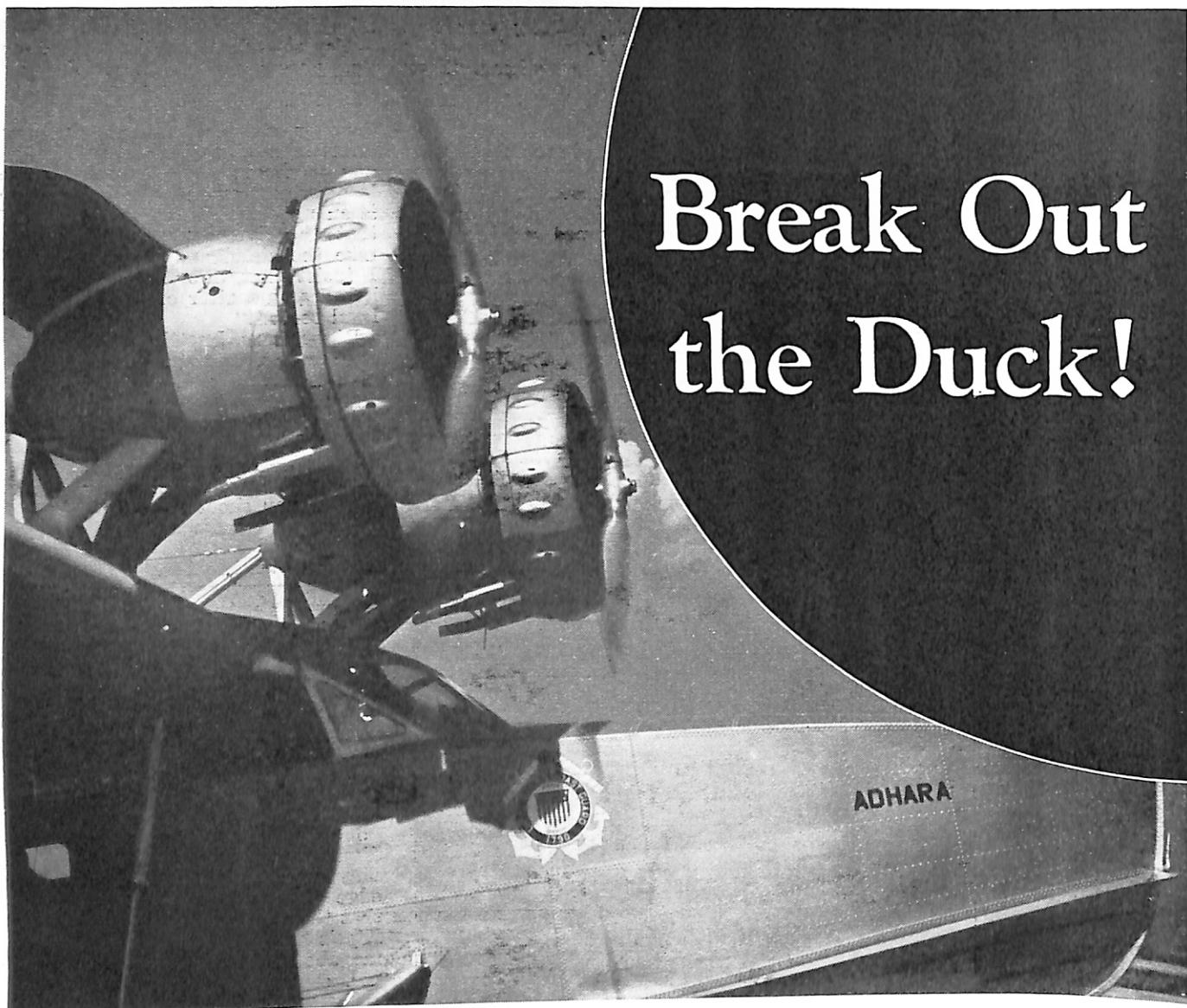
Dusty started those two bullets rolling in his palm about shoulder high, and the way his long, bony hand moved to make them roll it put me in mind of a rattler's tail a-waving in the coil just before the strike. Luke fixed his little, flinty, razor-edge eyes on them. Dusty droned out a question. Old Jupe jumped up.

"I object!" he bellowed, the same as a short-horn bull clamping his tail down on a bumble-bee where the bee can do him the most damage. "Your Honor, I object to Counsel's obvious and inhuman attempts to intimidate this witness. I demand that Counsel be instructed to keep his hands still."

Just as mild as a June breeze on clover blossoms, Dusty turned to Old Judge and said, "Your Honor, bullets like these are made in a mold. That leaves leaden stems where the molten metal enters and cools. Generally, these stems are cut off close. You will note," and he held the bullets close up under Old Judge's specs, "that (Continued on page 40)



If he comes home with less squirrels than the bullets he's shot, he gets hell booted out of him and his britches tanned till he's black and blue.



Rudy Arnold

THE officer on watch tilted his swivel chair forward, slid an arm across the desk and throttled the clatter of a telephone. "Coast Guard," he answered by formula. A word-geyser poured from the receiver as a woman's excited voice unleashed itself from the other end of the line.

"My husband and two other men went fishin' yesterday and they ain't none of them been home yet. Us women is goin' crazy, 'cause we figure maybe they drifted out to sea. We called up the fire department but they said they didn't know nothin' about water except they squirtin' it, and to call the Coast Guard 'cause they know all about boats and such things, an' so I want you to get our husbands back again. Do you know where they are?"

"No, ma'am, not exactly, but we may be able to help you. What kind of a boat are they in?" asked the chief petty officer.

"A fishin' boat I'm tellin' you."

"Yes, ma'am, but there're hundreds of fishing boats. How big is the one your husband is in, what color is it, where did the party start from?"

"I don't know nothin' about the boat, but there's three of them aboard and they said they was goin' out to the fishin' buoy."

"Which fishing buoy?" asked the sailor.

"You ought to know about that. That's your business, ain't it?"

"Yes, ma'am, we know where there's over 1300 buoys." For half an hour the coast guardsman slowly and pa-

tiently wheedled scraps of information from the frantic, ill-informed woman.

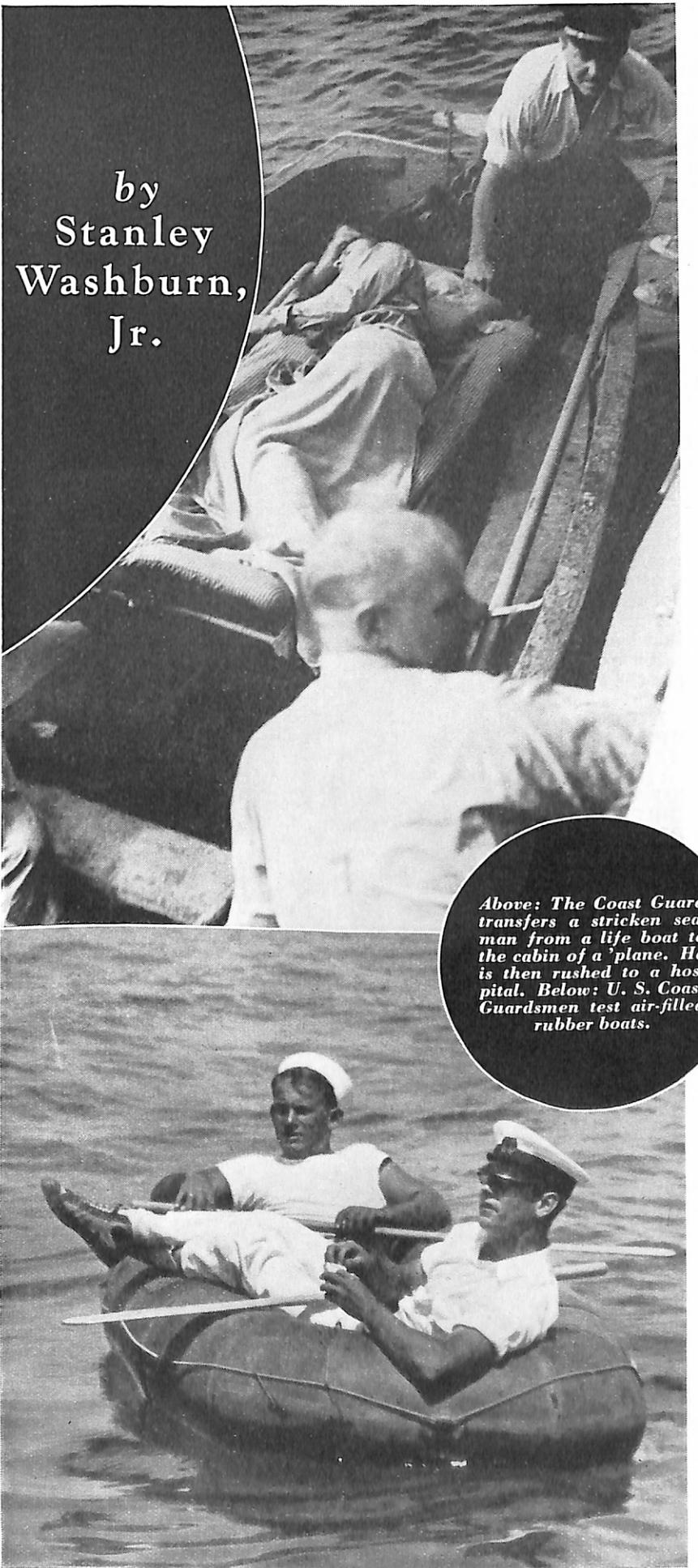
After telephoning scores of boat landings and yacht clubs in the vicinity, the missing boat was located under a dock on a nearby waterfront. Further investigation revealed that the three missing fishermen were ashore all the time taking full advantage of their brief escape from dominating wives.

ORGANIZED under the Treasury Department and operated primarily to render service to those in peril on the sea, the United States Coast Guard is one of the finest branches of our Government service. The enlisted men of the Coast Guard are recruited from civilians who must pass rigid physical examinations. The course of instructions are a close parallel to the training at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Midshipmen make the summer cruises with the fleet and after graduation are promoted in rank and pay in the same way as a naval officer. Those qualifying for Coast Guard Aviation are sent to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, where they take the same flight training course as naval aviators trained for service with the fleet.

Due to the confidential nature of their business in checking illegal entry, smuggling and piracy, very little publicity is given to Coast Guard activities. We admire the technical perfection of our domestic airlines, the skill and ingenuity required to fly the Pacific on schedule, but seldom does one hear of the Coast Guard.

Break Out the Duck!

by
Stanley
Washburn,
Jr.



Above: The Coast Guard transfers a stricken seaman from a life boat to the cabin of a plane. He is then rushed to a hospital. Below: U. S. Coast Guardsmen test air-filled rubber boats.

Occasionally, when airliners are grounded by fog, and the ocean is whipped to a froth by a gale, a Coast Guard plane will take off at night without such aids as beacons or radio beams, and fly off the coast nearly a hundred miles to sea. Here it will land under unbelievable conditions alongside a rolling freighter to remove some wretched pain-wracked human whose life depends upon immediate medical attention. The technical knowledge and piloting skill required by Coast Guard aviators is probably more exacting than any other type of aviation.

Besides returning strayed husbands to their wives, the Coast Guard has various other duties which are covered by daily patrols. Fishing boats broken down at sea, suspicious vessels hovering off the coast, floating objects such as bodies or capsized skiffs, amateur yachtsmen in distress, are all under constant observation of Coast Guard pilots as they wing their way along the shoreline.

The patrol plane is in constant radio communication with a home station which can dispatch patrol boats to the scene where assistance is required. The patrol boats are powered by gasoline engines which give them a speed of about fifteen knots. Their long, slim hulls carry a one-pounder on the raised bow and the red and white striped ensign of the Coast Guard flies from the mast. The oldest and most wide-spread branches of the Coast Guard are the "sandpounder" stations which are scattered along the coast at five-mile intervals. They can be recognized by their observation towers and high, tapering flagpoles. These stations are equipped with breeches buoys and small cannon to fire lines over a wreck, and high-sided surf boats designed to negotiate the breaker line and make landings on beaches. The boats are mounted on wagons so that they can be hauled down the beach to a point nearest a wreck, where they are launched into the surf.

If the pilot of a patrol plane spots an object off-shore which looks interesting he writes a note. The folded message is stuffed into a "message block" which is a square piece of wood with a hole bored into it and fitted with a cork. To make it easily visible, the block is painted a bright yellow and trails a four-foot streamer of yellow bunting. The pilot drops the message block alongside the nearest coastal patrol boat, or "wings" it into the front yard of a nearby "sandpounder" station. Whoever receives the message takes immediate steps to reach the designated spot marked by the Coast Guard pilot who circles over the object until help arrives.

In addition to the standard distress signals received by radio the Coast Guards have an elaborate grape vine from which miscellaneous information is gleaned. Reports are

constantly trickling into the station from local fishermen, freighters in the steamer lane, Coast Guard land stations, and a vast army of confidential informers on waterfronts of every country in the world which harbors vessels destined for American ports. Time and again the omniscient eye of the Coast Guard has followed the progress of a vessel half way around the world, and finally apprehended it in the act of landing Chinese or smuggling contraband through the surf on a dark rainy night on some deserted coast. No wonder the underworld of the sea attributes occult powers to the Coast Guard.

The remarkable efficiency of the sea-going life savers is primarily due to the perfection of their radio organization. Operators know their radio procedure so thoroughly that they can take the fastest messages in their sleep, can "work" foreign ships and make sense out of the most badly garbled translations. The radio direction, now used on the civil airways, was perfected by Coast Guard technicians to enable the pilots to fly for hours over the mist-shrouded ocean directly to a steamer which sent any kind of a radio signal.

Every minute of the day and night Coast Guard operators sit at their receivers listening on the international distress frequency for the blood tingling sound of an SOS. There is no counterpart for this magic message, respected in every language of the world. Only extreme emergency conditions warrant the sending of an SOS. This call summons men to risk more lives to help those already facing death. For this reason SOS is a sacred signal and is used only in cases of extreme emergency. The signal which is "next best" is an NCU call which means, "I'm in need of Coast Guard assistance." It indicates usually that some condition exists which cannot be handled without aid. Here is the way they come in:

"NCU OILER ABOARD CRUSHED INDEX FINGER OF RIGHT HAND IN OIL PUMP STOP FLESH BADLY TORN RAFFED AND CUT TO THE BONE ONUNDERSIDE OF FINGER NEAR KNUCKLE COMPOUND FRACTURE STOP VESSEL 150 MILES SOUTH DELAWARE BREAKWATER SIGNED MASTER SS TIMBERUSH"

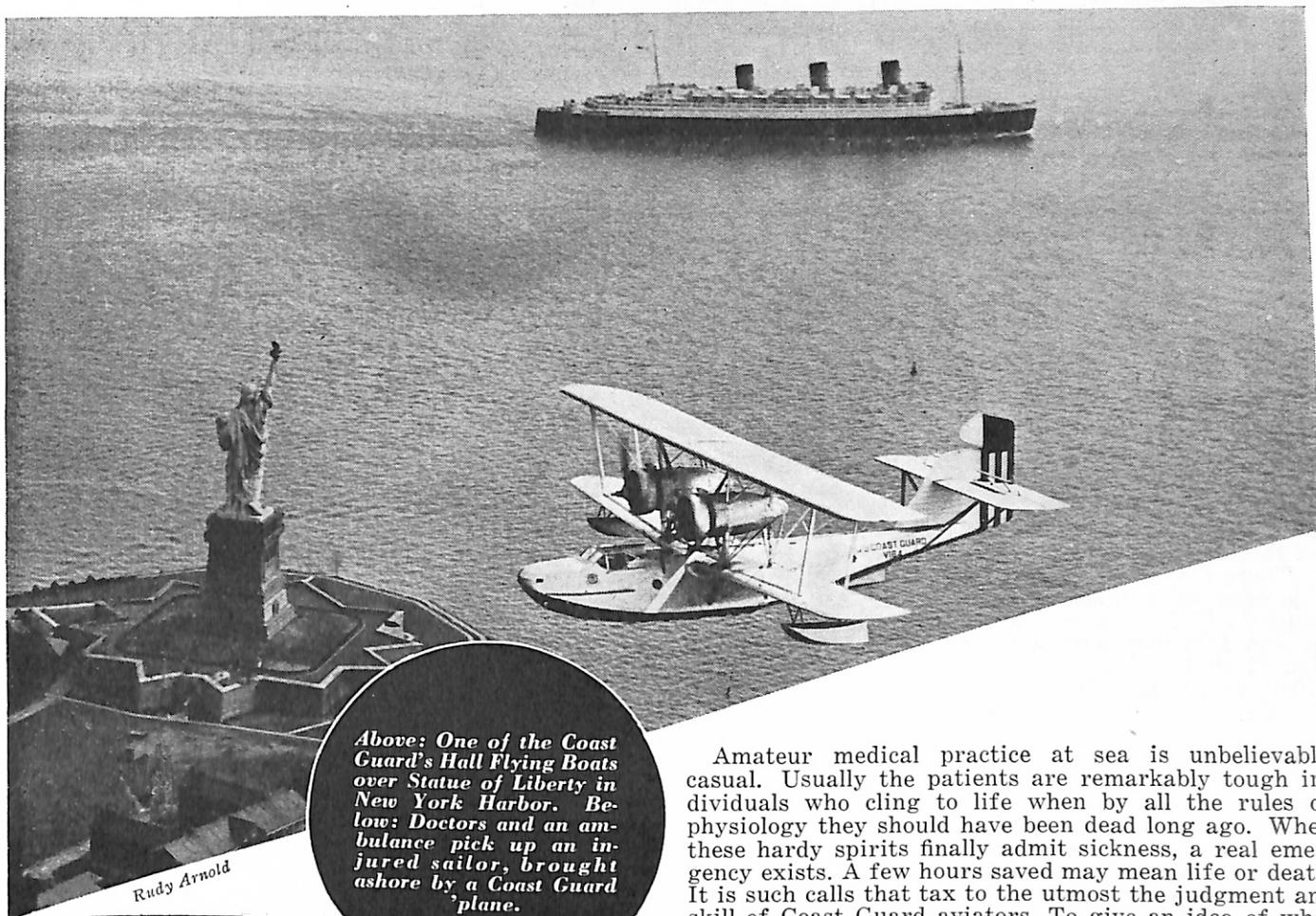
After a short radio conversation a coastal patrol boat lying in Delaware Bay weighed anchor and headed on a course to intercept the *S.S. Timberush*, take off the injured man and rush him to the nearest hospital.



Rudy Arnold

Above: Lieut. Richard A. Burke, center, with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. and Commander John Baylis, U.S.C.G. Below: Sailors on U.S. Coast Guard cutter firing at an iceberg.





Amateur medical practice at sea is unbelievably casual. Usually the patients are remarkably tough individuals who cling to life when by all the rules of physiology they should have been dead long ago. When these hardy spirits finally admit sickness, a real emergency exists. A few hours saved may mean life or death. It is such calls that tax to the utmost the judgment and skill of Coast Guard aviators. To give an idea of what these men can do it is best to cite some typical rescues by the maestro of Coast Guard pilots. Lieutenant Richard Burke has over 320 rescues in his log. After finishing the academy he spent two years on a destroyer and four years' duty on Coast Guard surface craft. He went through Pensacola and received his wings in 1930. From that time on he has participated in all types of aerial rescue work. His special flair seems to be for off-shore rescues in the amphibian flying boats. By a sixth sense he seems to have the knack of nursing a flying boat down into seas which threaten to tear off wing tip floats, or stave in the entire hull. Despite innumerable breathless escapes and battles with the sea, Dick Burke is still hale and hearty.

One morning several years ago, while Burke was skipper of the Gloucester Coast Guard Aviation base, the radio operator handed him an NCU message from a Boston trawler 175 miles off the coast. The substance of the message was that one of the members of the crew in a moment of exasperation had cut open an annoying boil with a rusty safety razor blade. A few days later his mates found him unconscious in his bunk. The captain took one look at the fisherman's swollen head and distorted face and decided an NCU was in order.

When the Coast Guard radio operator at Gloucester picked up the message describing the man's symptoms, the answer was obvious—advanced blood poisoning. Unless the man received immediate medical attention he would die within a few hours. It was now necessary for the Coast Guardsmen to make a quick decision.

Low flying scud, whipped before a thirty-knot wind, made flying conditions very unfavorable. The sea outside of the harbor was very rough. A patrol boat would take nearly a full day to reach the trawler. The fisherman on the trawler would undoubtedly die unless an airplane could bring him to a hospital within a few hours.

"Break out the duck!" Lieutenant Burke telephoned the hangar crew. A few minutes later a large amphibian flying boat was warming (*Continued on page 42*)

IGUESS Jim Walters had it coming, or asked for it, or something. Not that he was exactly fatheaded. Maybe three pennants and two World Series titles in six years would make anybody appreciate himself, which was about the way it was with Jim when this Oscar Smith person came into his life.

Jim was manager of the Century League Seraphs and was also one hundred and ninety-odd pounds of fire and brimstone. In six years he had collected a reputation for being the toughest pilot the Seraphs ever had, which is saying a great deal, considering how tough the Seraphs are themselves, they being called "Murderers' Row" and "Hickory Hammers" and other things which in baseball means you are doing all right.

Oscar Smith was six feet of blond young nobody from the Arkansas Bush who figured things out for himself. For instance, he had the idea all Spanish towns are named after cigars, which I found very refreshing. He had other ideas which tracked along in the same rut which is a sample of why he was unique among people, but the main item missing from Oscar's ledger was modesty.

As you will see.

It is my regular assignment to follow the club South for spring training from which position I write chatty little bits for the *Chronicle* as a warm-up for the coming campaign, and which explains how it happens I have a front-row seat at the first curtain of the very mellow drama of Walters versus Smith.

There are five of us in Jim's room when it begins. Jim has the usual suite in the Atlanta Hollister and the five present consist of Biff Mitchell and Tony Tonelli, who between them in the season just past accounted for eighty-seven circuit clouts and batted in two hundred and fifty-four runs, which was really wheat in the Seraph mill. Tom Andrews is there, who is Jim's head trainer, and the fifth was yours truly.

The purpose of the caucus is to get Biff and Tony in line. They have refused to sign a contract or touch a uniform until their annual take is adjusted to a figure more in keeping with the might of their accomplishments, and they harp on this business about the home runs and the runs batted in.

They are already drawing twenty thousand frog skins apiece per season, which ought to keep them out of the breadlines now, to say nothing of providing beer and pocket-knives for their old age, but it seems it isn't enough.

I am in a chair cocked against the wall, speculating on the fate which made me a sports writer, and also fixed it so sports writers are not expensive to newspapers, while Biff and Tony are handed spots carrying grants of twenty G's for six months' work, and they are crabbing. I can't understand that, and neither can Jim.

Jim is mad. He is eating his cigar, which with Jim is a sort of barometer, when the door busts open and in walks this kid. He doesn't knock, he just enters, which is his first error.

Oscar is tall and loose-jointed and awkward. He has on a faded blue suit and his shirt is open at the neck with his tie hanging loose and low, like he isn't used to confinement in that quarter, and he steps in, closes the door and looks at Jim, not knowing how near he is to a violent end.

"Mr. Walters?" he asks.

Jim admits it, controlling himself.

"I'm a hitter, Mr. Walters," the kid says, "and I want a job playing ball. I know you pay good money for hitters and I can really hit."

All of which puts us in a considerable daze, hitting being a thing which is never bragged about in baseball, least of all in Jim Walters' office. So we sit stunned while the kid continues.

"You'd pay fifty thousand a year to a player that could hit five hundred, wouldn't you, Mr. Walters?"

The five of us tangle glances and Jim looks like he is trying hard to catch up with the conversation, when he admits he would pay such to anyone who could do such.

"Okay," says Oscar, "I can do it."

This being too much, Jim comes to.

"Look here, youngster. I ain't got time to fiddle with nonsense. Nobody has ever hit five hundred in this league, and nobody is ever goin' to. Now go on. Beat it out o' here."

"I can do it," the kid repeats calmly, and it gets Jim.

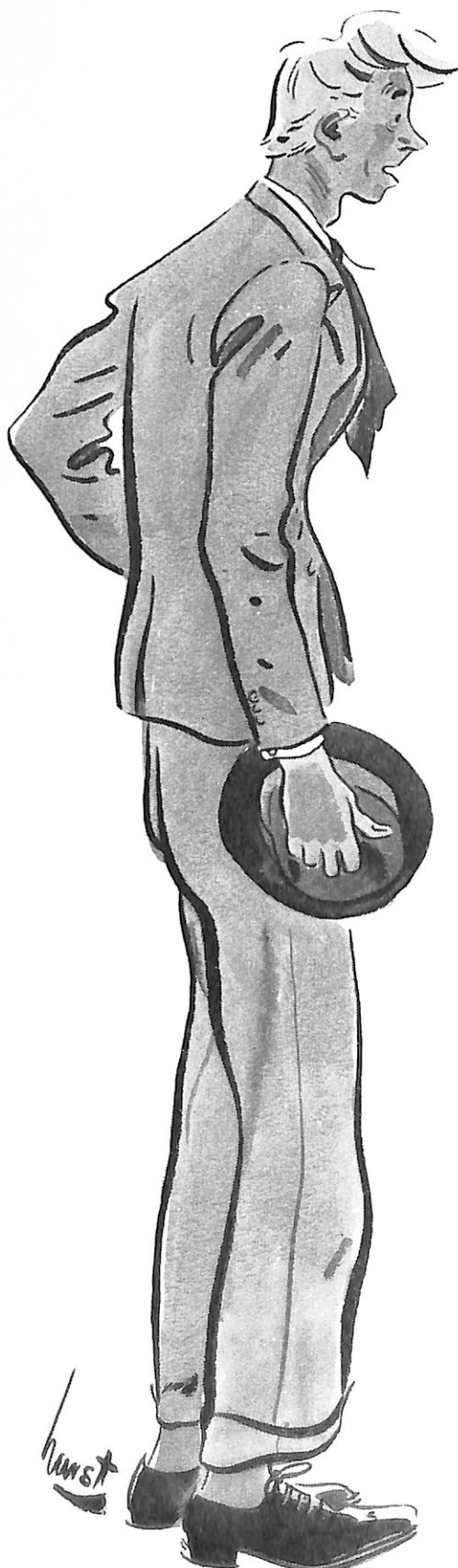
"The hell you can. How do you know?"

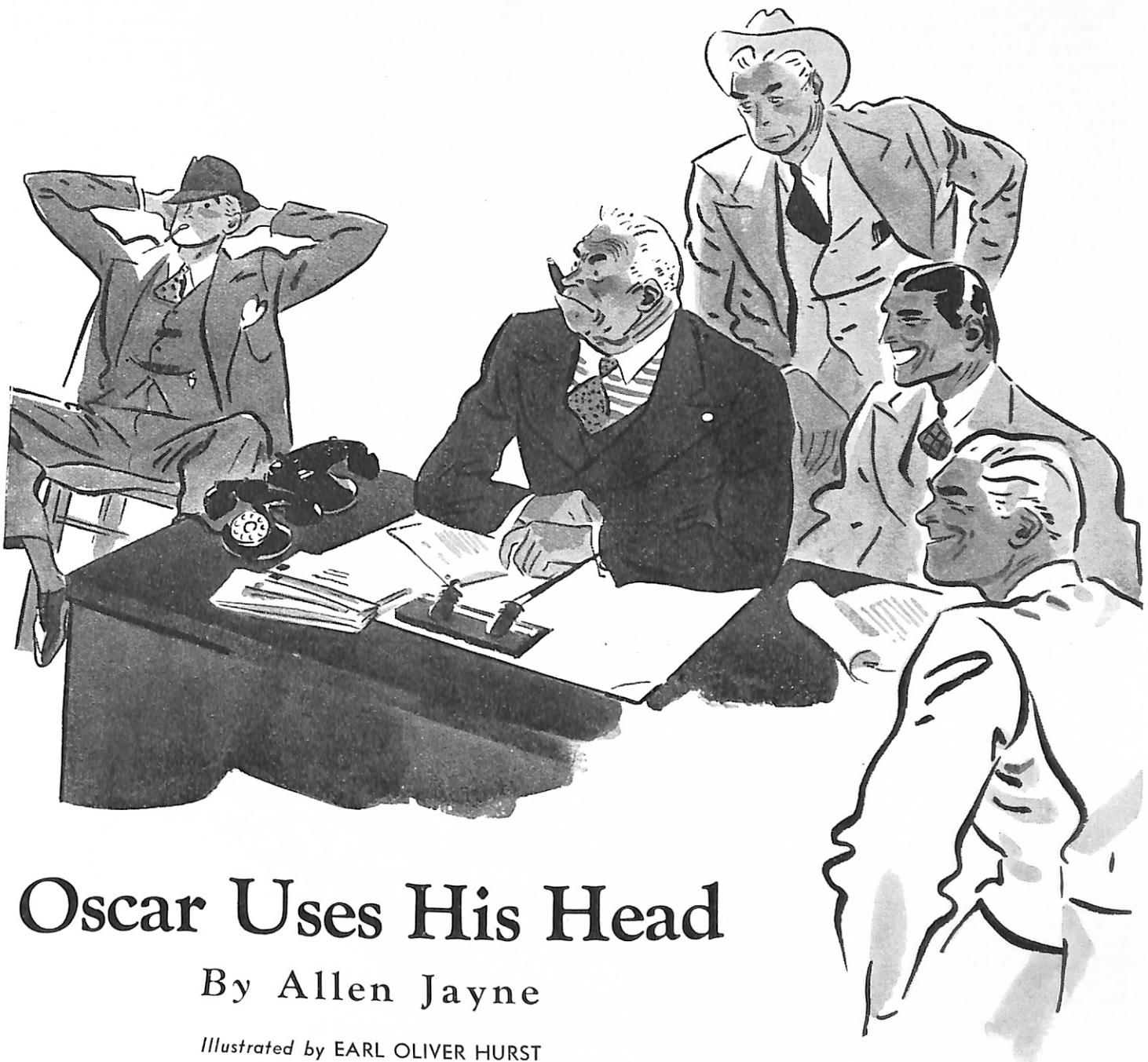
"'Cause I been practicin'."

"Yeah? What league?"

"League?" The kid goes blank for a second, then he brightens. "Well, I haven't actually played much, but I've practiced battin' in one of those places where a machine throws balls through a hole in a big piece o' canvas. You get nine balls for a dime, and I—"

So we sit stunned when the kid continues. "You'd pay fifty thousand a year to a player that could hit five hundred, wouldn't you, Mr. Walters?"





Oscar Uses His Head

By Allen Jayne

Illustrated by EARL OLIVER HURST

He doesn't get any further. A howl goes up from four of us, Jim being the only one who doesn't see the humor of it. He thinks he's being kidded, I guess, so while we are laughing Jim is bellowing.

"Get out!" he roars, coming out of his chair.

"But, listen, Mr. Walters," the kid says, backing toward the door. "I only—"

"Get out!"

Jim has a voice which can rattle the bag at second base and this last blast blows the kid into the hall. Tom closes the door and that is that—or would have been if I hadn't had a brainstorm.

The idea came as I watch the kid's scared face back out the doorway, and I hop off my chair, grab open the door and stick my head into the hall.

"Listen, fella," I says, "you stick right there for a minute, and take it easy. Nobody's goin' to bite you."

With that I pull back into the room, close the door and face the gang which thinks I have suddenly gone nuts.

"Jim," I says, "I got somethin'."

"What you got," he growls, "ain't worth havin'.

What's the idea of tellin' Lochinvar to wait?"

"You can use this lump," says I, thumbing toward the hall. "He's made to order to answer a lot o' troubles you've got."

Biff and Tony are still wiping the laugh tears from their eyes as Jim sits down, looks at me patiently and says, "Unload, son. Dump it. I got things to do."

"Jim," I tells him, "what you need on this club is a clown. One Grade-A funny man, and here you got him. Right out in the hall is a people with a rich, flaky crust who learned to hit in a side-show, who probably couldn't find a basketball in a bathtub, but who is simple enough to want fifty G's for hitting five hundred in the Century League. Jim," I finished, "it's a natural."

I can tell by the look on Jim's face the idea is curling up in front of the fireplace. I make no mistake when I call the gang gorillas. Jim has six hitters who make the opposition pitchers go home and snarl at their wives, and the whole outfit makes up the kind of a ball club that only happens about once in twenty years, but in between ball games it takes chloroform and the National Guard to keep them out of jail. I know, and

I know Jim knows, that if they have something to laugh at they are easier to keep in line.

"Yeah," Jim says, kind of soft. "But how?"

"It's a cinch. Sign him just like he wants to be signed. Give him a contract to pay him fifty G's if he hits five hundred, with a clause that if he doesn't he'll get a hundred and fifty a month, and you'll have the cheapest funny man in the business. He's a natural, I tell you. I got a hunch."

Jim looks at Biff who is still giggling, then at me.

"Get him," he says.

"Okay, son," Jim announces when I get the kid coaxed back into the room. "I'll give you a contract to pay you fifty thousand if you hit five hundred. I'll even do better than that. I'll pay an extra ten thousand for every hundred points you hit over five hundred."

You can hear the wheels go around while the kid counts up.

"Gosh," he says finally. "That means if I hit a thousand I'll get a hundred thousand dollars. Gosh, that's swell, Mr. Walters. 'Course," he adds modestly, "I guess it'll be pretty hard to get a hit every time I bat."

Which gives a faint idea of the laughs coming up.

Oscar was nineteen years and five months old when he signed that contract and the nineteen years had been spent within a base hit of the old homestead down in the hilly part of Arkansas. Honest, the kid knew a net total of nothing. He had great big milkhand dukes, and he got real cheerful when it rained. You can always tell a farmer like that. Oscar wasn't corny; he was corn.

He had never played games like most kids. He was too busy hoeing corn and keeping weeds out of about eighty acres. I asked him once what was his pet hate.

"Weeds," he says. "Weeds is terrible."

He couldn't play ball. He threw a ball like I throw a pumpkin—sort of a push, like a shot putter, and he goes after a ground ball like a five-year-old kid goes after an alley cat and never gets it. So when the gang fits him out in a suit about three sizes too big, with balloon pockets and long, floppy pants, and spots him in the infield, he begins handing out laughs as thick as Democrats in Texas.

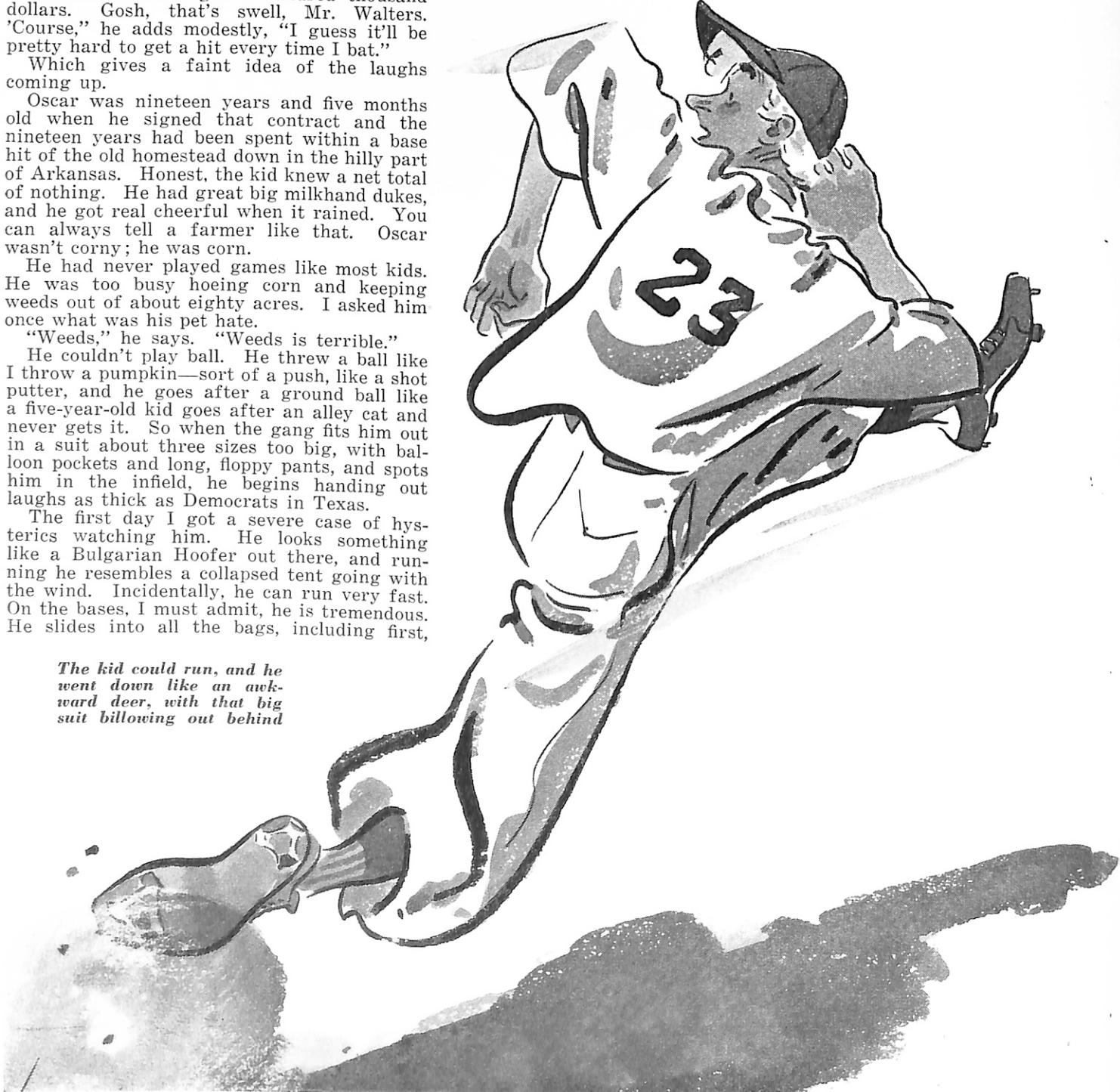
The first day I got a severe case of hysterics watching him. He looks something like a Bulgarian Hoofer out there, and running he resembles a collapsed tent going with the wind. Incidentally, he can run very fast. On the bases, I must admit, he is tremendous. He slides into all the bags, including first,

The kid could run, and he went down like an awkward deer, with that big suit billowing out behind

which causes no end of merriment and makes everybody very happy. All in all he is a one-man circus, but after a while we find ourselves in one of the toughest seasons the Seraphs have had since '32, when they got beat out of the flag by an Oriole whisker, so the boys don't have much time to laugh at Oscar.

They made a good start by taking three out of five from the Orioles which was the club to beat, and then went on to do a little more than their share of the punching so that by mid-August we are eight games to the good.

Then the Bluesox come to town the last week in August and take six straight games. They knocked all the boards off the center-field fence and when the dust settles, all our heavy artillery has turned into pop





pistols. From Biff Mitchell on down, they worry themselves into a mood where they couldn't hit the big end of a mule with a coal shovel. And Jim—well, Jim had reached a point where words didn't do any good. It was murder he wanted.

Then along comes the Orioles for a series which everybody thinks may be the pay-off so far as the pennant is concerned. It is then Oscar moves back into the picture.

Biff Mitchell and Company are just beginning to get their morale dusted off when, in the first game, Jack Segar of the Orioles sets them down with three scattered hits, which meant no Seraph visited beyond first base. Meanwhile, the Orioles collect four singles, a double and a triple to put five new cleat marks into home plate, and everything begins to curdle.

Comes then the next day when current history threatens to repeat, because we go into the ninth inning with the situation five to one against us and it looks like ten minutes will see this pennant scramble all squared up.

We are having our final bat with Tony up, Red Morgan on deck, and Biff waiting, when we start that ninth inning. Jim is eating his fourth cigar of the afternoon while he watches Hanson, the Orioles' Swede pitcher, measure Tony.

Hanson throws four balls, three of which Tony swings at, and that is that. Comes then Red Morgan, who works the situation to three and two before he pops foul to the catcher, and two eggs are cracked. Biff is on his feet when Jim stops him.

"Listen, you panty-waists," he barks at the gang, and you can smell the sulphuric, "the trouble with you guys is you was kept on the bottle so long that some of the milk leaked into your blood. Ball-players!" he snorts. "Your ancestors was all rabbits and chickens."

He moves up and down, eying them all in turn, so mad his neck looks like a piece of red pipe. Finally he comes to Biff standing with his bat.

"Just where do you think you're goin'?" he insults. "And what are you doin' with that?" Pointing to the stick. "That, Mister Mitchell, is a baseball bat, which lets you out. You wouldn't know what to do with a baseball bat."

He turns to the bench again.

"Now I'll show you mugs what I think of the mess I used to think was a baseball club. Oscar," he hollers to the pop-eyed kid, "grab a stick and get us a hit."

The kid gulps and blinks and doesn't move.

"Get a bat!" Jim roars, and Oscar does.

The gang starts breathing again as Oscar takes the first pitch and it's ball one. The next is a slow breaking curve that cuts the heart of the plate. One and one. Then comes a hopping fast one that rushes through for another strike. One and two. Then it happens.

The pitcher loses another fast one that starts

straight for the kid's noggin. He stands paralyzed for a second, then does a swooning duck and throws his arms up to cover his hat rack, and that makes the bat go up, too. Well, he lays the prettiest bunt down the first base line you ever saw, and when he feels the ball hit his bat and then sees it trickling away, he starts for the promised land.

Like I said, the kid could run, and he went down like an awkward deer, with that big suit billowing out behind like he'd run through a clothesline on washday, and he made it. He slid into first just as the first sacker jumped for the pitcher's hurried throw and comes down into the avalanche of arms and legs which is Oscar. So he stumbles and falls on top of the kid while the umpire is giving the safe sign, and then they start coming out of their huddle.

The Oriole gets up first and backs away like he doesn't trust a Thing that slides into first, and then Oscar gets up and falls down again. Then we tumble to the idea the kid is hurt. His face is white when we get to him, sitting on the bag holding his ankle, and Jim puts

Ed Toomey in to run the bases while we carry Oscar to the dugout where we strip off his shoe and sock and find an ankle swelled up like a water bag.

I was thinking things over that night while I worked on my steak when suddenly the thing comes clear. I pushed the plate away, grabbed my hat and rushed for Jim's room. He's chewing the fat with a couple of bimbos so I grabs him by the arm and propels him into the hall.

"You," I says, "are about to jump off Brooklyn Bridge."

Jim shakes himself loose. "Take it easy, Pal," he says, figuring I'm drunk. "There's always pink elephants in cheap likker. But why figure me for the brodie?"

"Oscar," I says, stepping out of range, "is batting one thousand."

Jim gives me a quick look, winces, then makes a noise like he has inhaled his tongue. After that he goes sort of green and ages ten years in ten seconds flat. He comes up finally and it's my turn.

"You," he roars, shoving a finger in my face. "You did this. This was your idea, you . . ."

The rest of it was between me and Jim until I hollers back.

"It wasn't my idea to shove him into the line-up," I yells. "That was your idea, and a dumb one."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he pats me on the back. "I forgot all about that contract of his. Now, listen. Get him. Get him tonight. Get him ready for tomorrow. He's got to bat again—twice more. Get him."

The guy was nuts. Thoughts of a hundred G's had exploded in his idea factory.

"The trouble is," I says, "that when a guy is in the hospital with a broken ankle he doesn't do anything the next day but flirt with the nurses."

You could hear Jim's chin hit his chest. "Broken?" he whispers. "What's broken?"

"A little bone. A little bone in the metatar—meta—anyway it's busted. You," I repeats, "are going to jump off Brooklyn Bridge."

Jim gives me a sad look, turns around and sags back into his room where he shooes out the visitors and orders a bottle and a bucket of ice. When it comes he pours jumbo drinks, takes his in one gulp and sets the glass down with the look of a guy who has just had his Hemlock.

"I read once," he says, "where the Spanish had a thing called the Inquisition in which they figured a lot o' ways of makin' people suffer, but they was just amateurs. For real, honest-to-Pete, four-yard-wide torture, just give a sucker a ball club to manage."

Jim ends up with a crying jag, with me adding an occasional sob of my own.

In my time I've seen some spots, but never one the likes of which Jim occupies. (*Continued on page 44*)

What America Is Reading

by Harry Hansen

The Lost Battalion

IN October, 1918, Major Charles W. Whittlesey led part of the first battalion, 308th regiment, of the 77th division, into battle against the Germans in the Charlevaux section of the Argonne forest. He had twice advised against the attack before it was ordered. His orders came from Major General Alexander, who had announced earlier that any officer who ordered a retreat was a traitor. Major Whittlesey found himself cut off, unable to keep in touch with the rest of the American army. He dug in and did not retreat.

Thus began that episode known as "The Lost Battalion", which lives in history as one of the high spots of American daring in the World War. It has had plenty of newspaper attention, but when "The Lost Battalion" appeared as a book by Thomas M. Johnson and Fletcher Pratt I was not aware that its history had not been published before. Now these men prove what a hazardous and courageous action this was. They follow every step of the battle and the long vigil on the hillside, before help came. They even give the conservation as the men remembered it. They present the records of the German Landwehr that opposed the Americans. So today we can read what happened and why.

It has been said that when the Germans sent back a prisoner with a request that the men surrender, the major replied with "Go to hell." But the records do not bear out any such statement. Major Charles W.

Whittlesey was a New York lawyer with a New England conscience, a stern taskmaster with a firm sense of duty. He encouraged his men while they lay under fire, not only from German machine guns, hand grenades and shells, but also from an American barrage and a French bombardment. Nobody knew exactly where Whittlesey was. When he was located, airplanes tried to throw food down to the men, but the packages landed in the German lines, and the Germans withheld their fire and received the food with shouts of laughter. Nothing much could be done for the wounded; the dead could not even be buried. But the Americans did not surrender. They held on till help came.

MAYBE Whittlesey resented the heroics that followed. Maybe, like his men, he didn't like the inaccurate reports spread about the battalion. In 1921 he took ship for Cuba and jumped overboard. He left letters for his business partners, but their contents have never been made public. The authors of the present book have consulted the survivors of the action and provided an important page for America's annals in "The Lost Battalion." (Bobbs Merrill Co.)



Thurman W. Arnold, author of "The Folklore of Capitalism" and "The Symbols of Government," two best-selling books published by the Yale University Press. Mr. Arnold is now the Assistant Attorney General of the United States

What An American City Thinks

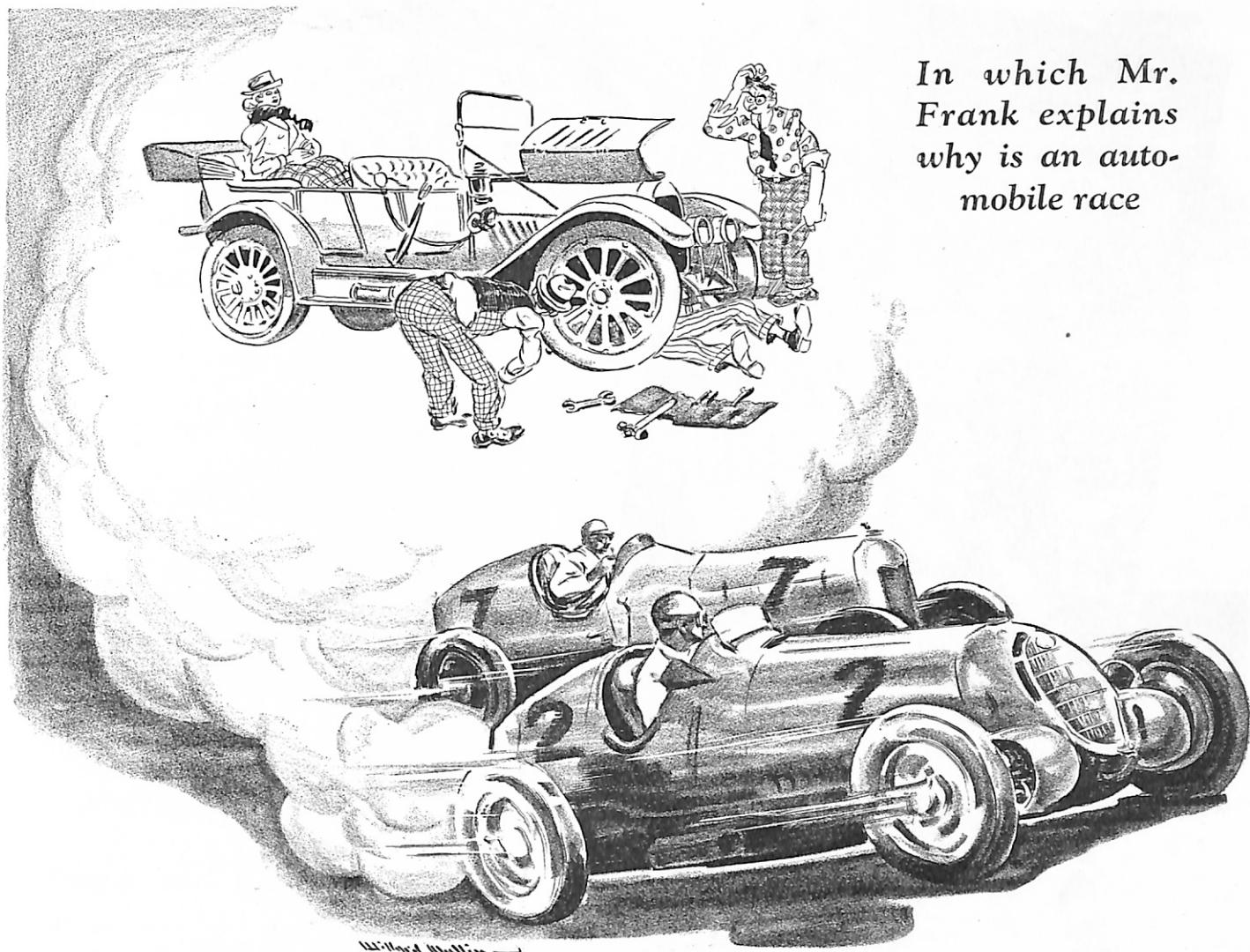
Imagine an average American city of the last thirty years, located in the middle west, progressive in its ways and growing with its opportunities—and let it be called Athena, in the State of Oklarada. Imagine two families dominating its activities; one headed by Charles Aldington Carrough, owner of the *Athena Sun* and consulted by national political leaders, the other headed by Isaac Norssex, owner of the *Athena Power and Light Company* and getting interested in banking. And the sons of these men, Junior and Lee, one developing a sense of social responsibility, the other taking chances with other people's money in the manner approved in boom days . . . and there's a beginning for reading "What People Said", by W. L. White.

This is a novel, but also a most thoughtful story of American ways. No one can read it without recognizing how carefully Mr. White has studied and understood our own generation. The son of William Allen White, the author, had plenty of opportunity to observe the types he describes and to understand the relation of the editor and the banker to their community. He knows his people; he knows to what extent the code of the frontier was translated into the get-rich-quick habit; he sees the relation between exploitation and machine politics; he knows what individual self-interest will do to promote unethical conduct and stifle a man's moral sense. Nor is his account provincial—the threads of thought and action that move Athena are tied up with those that move the Nation.

In telling his story of the downfall of the Norssex family and the relation thereto of the Carroughs, Mr. White adopts a novel form. Instead of following the action direct, he gives much attention to opinion—what people said. Though this device delays the story, it has one highly valuable element—it portrays the mind of the community. What people said was what all America thought—the important rationalization by which the community makes up its mind. It is significant that Mr. White is not only the son of a great editor but has himself had experience with both newspaper and magazine editing. To him the undercurrent of opinion hums over the wires as the news ticker clicks out its reports. This is really the best thing about the story. And as such it holds the mirror up to American life and becomes a commentary on our morals, our business habits and our over-indulgence in selfishness. (Viking Press)

A Boy and a Fawn

There's a new lad in the gallery of boys worth knowing—Jody Baxter, who lives in the scrub forests in northern Florida with his parents, the Baxters. And his arrival, in the pages of (*Continued on page 52*)



In which Mr. Frank explains why is an automobile race

Safe and Insane

by Stanley Frank

TWO well-dressed women who appeared bright enough to know better flounced into a box at the Indianapolis Speedway last Memorial Day with the studied nonchalance late-comers affect at first nights and formal dinner parties, glanced negligently at the monstrous beetles chasing angrily and aimlessly around the monstrous saucer and hallooed shrilly over the vast confusion.

"Anybody killed yet?" one of them inquired sweetly. A neighbor shook his head indifferently.

"Good," she answered complacently. "We haven't missed a thing."

That's Indianapolis, where 150,000 people gather once a year in the morbid hope of seeing a racing car suddenly shudder and swerve crazily out of the driver's control at 100 miles an hour, then hurtle to destruction with a sickening impact which crushes all usefulness from a machine and a man.

Indianapolis is also the place which is turned into a national picnic grounds each Memorial Day by the curious and pathological thrill-seekers who furnish the background for the greatest sporting spectacle in the world, with the exception of England's Derby at Epsom Downs. Two days before the big race they begin to converge on the Speedway in trailers, trucks, jalopies

and new cars, to fight for the privilege of watching two dozen bullets on wheels whirl past them for five hours. They erect improvised grand-stands on top of their vehicles; they drink, eat, carouse, sometimes sleep during the race while men are shadow-boxing with death on the brick two-and-one-half-mile course. It is a Roman holiday with modern trimmings.

And Indianapolis is the place where two dozen—or less—men risk their lives so that 150,000—or more—people may live to drive their own cars with greater safety. That is the real Indianapolis, where virtually every device and development which has contributed to the economy, comfort, reliability and, above all, safety of the stock car today has been tested under exaggerated, insane conditions which make for safer and saner driving on the highways and streets of the world.

Speed is the great denominator which draws the dare-devils and the rubber-necks to Indianapolis. The drivers subject their machines and their bodies to the cruel strain of averaging 100 miles an hour for five hours in the hope of getting a share of the rich prize money. The spectators get a masochistic thrill from watching the drivers flirt with death—and sometimes succumb.

That is the superficial Indianapolis today. But the Indianapolis Speedway was (Continued on page 50)



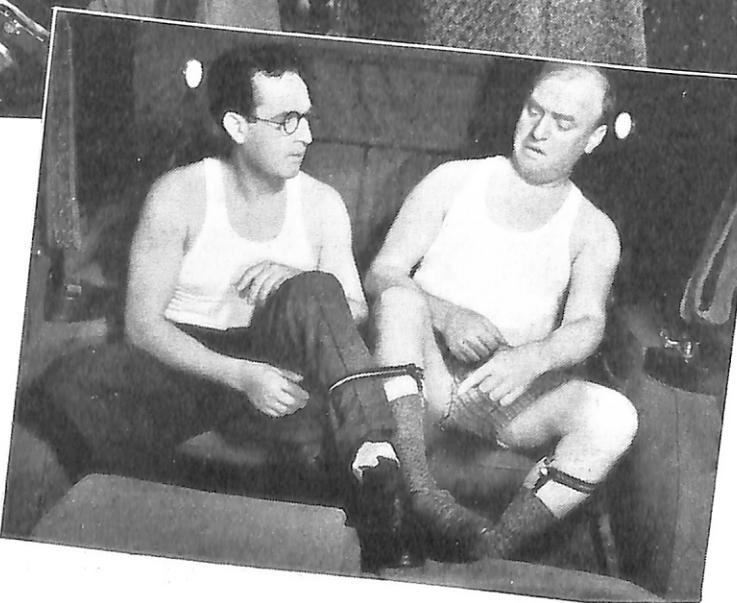
SILVER BUSINESS

At left are two of the movie-going public's current admirations, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy, who appear together in M-G-M's "Test Pilot" with Clark Gable. We would like to see Mr. Tracy get Miss Loy for his very own in the fade-out for once but M-G-M will not allow such unorthodox surprises. After some fast and furious flying about in airplanes, Miss Loy rests happily in the strong arms of Mr. Gable.



Above are Ginger Rogers and James Stewart with a player, in "Vivacious Lady", a tale of the troubles that beset a young college professor and his night club bride. Although her ability was well established in "Stage Door", with each picture Miss Rogers picks up additional stature as an actress.

Right: Harold Lloyd and William Frawley find themselves in an unenviable situation in Mr. Lloyd's latest attack of frenzy, "Professor, Beware!" We are happy to tell you that Lionel Stander is also in the cast. "Professor, Beware!" is a dizzy affair about the bewildering antics of a college professor.



Right is a shot of Melvyn Douglas about to stab Miss Joan Blondell (happy thought!) with a toothpick in "There's Always a Woman". Miss Blondell this time takes the part of a lady detective and we are pleased to report that in the opinion of this Department it is Miss Blondell's best performance to date.

Below is an ingratiating pair in the persons of Miss Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (face buried in beer pitcher), in a little number entitled "Joy of Living". It is our agreeable duty to inform you that Miss Alice Brady has a supporting role in this film about an actress and her half-baked family from whom Mr. Fairbanks has a lot to put up with.



Left: Miss Margaret Sullavan and Robert Taylor in "Three Comrades", a tale of three inseparable friends (Mr. Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young) from the novel by Erich Remarque. In a fine and sensitive film Miss Sullavan brings warmth and sweetness into the lives of three hard and disillusioned young men who have seen so much brutality and ugliness they no longer have faith in anything but their own friendship.

by

Col. Robert M. Cotter

"**A**RE you ready, Captain?"

"All ready!"

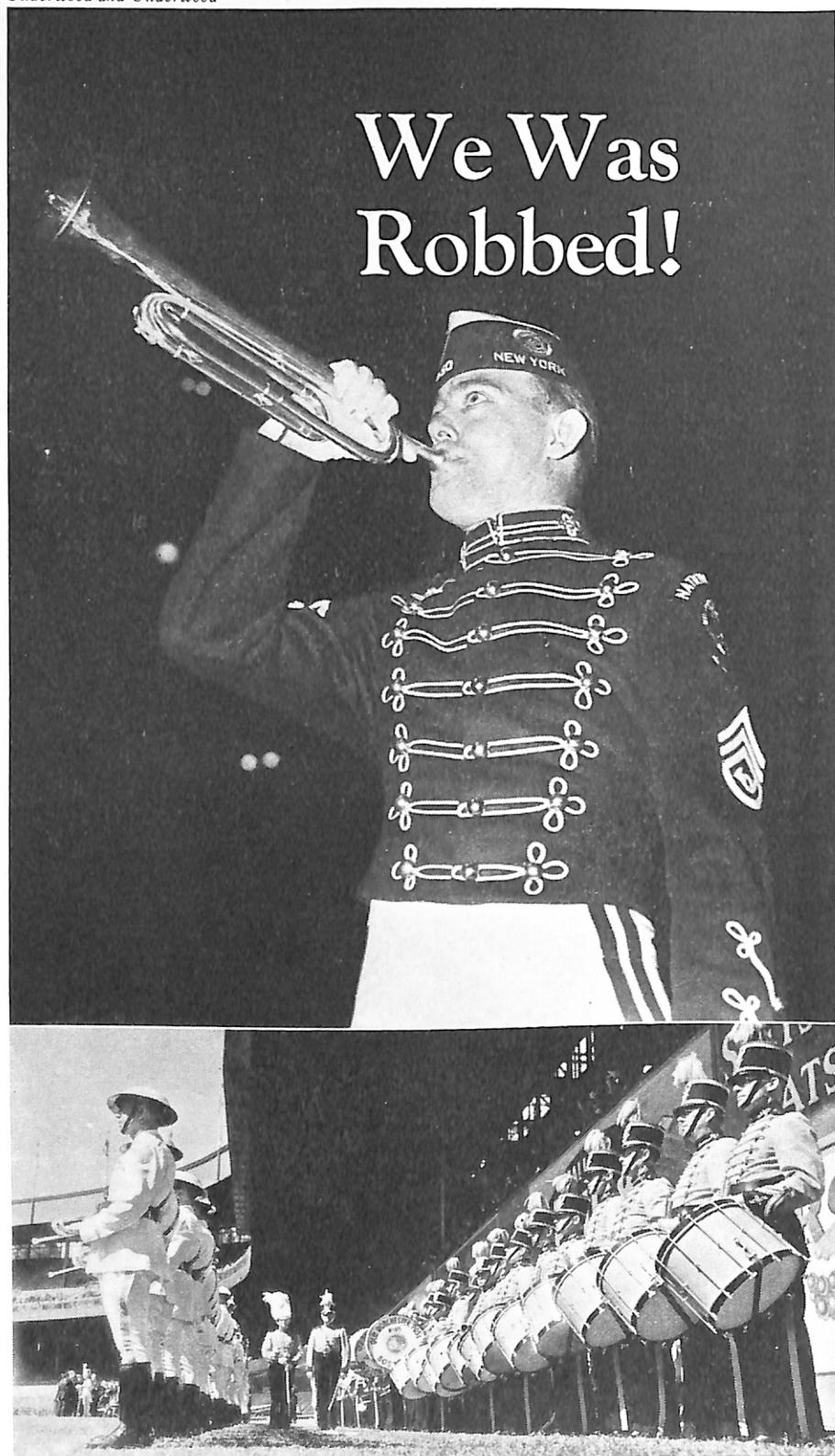
The gun booms! Another corps has made its entrance on the field to pit its ability against the other contesting groups for some particular championship honor—either local, State or National. From then until the time the final gun is fired it will be the aim of each unit to perform in such a manner that the Judges will be unable to find any errors to charge against it.

The only reward a unit gets out of all the hard work is the honor that goes with the prize, for there never was enough prize money in any contest to pay the members of the units for their efforts. I recall in 1928 an American Legion Corps with which I was connected spent \$11,500 to attend a National Convention, and won \$500. It is true that there is no percentage in these activities, but deep in the heart of every member of a band or drill team is always that feeling that urges him to win. That has been the basic reason for the success and the life of all units in any organization in the country.

Let us get away from the judging angle for a while and consider the other side of the picture to see if all this hard work is really worth the effort. Personally, I can say that it most certainly is, for without our bands, corps, drill teams and other show units, just what would any national convention amount to? The color, the glamour, the interest they create acquaint the general public with the different fraternal bodies, for in reality they are the show windows of these organizations, and the medium by which the group is gauged in public opinion. Is it not the goal of every convention chairman to have screaming headlines in the local newspapers proclaiming to the world that—ONE MILLION MEN MARCH DOWN FIFTH AVENUE — CONVENTION PARADE TAKES SIXTEEN HOURS TO PASS REVIEWING STAND? I can assure any organization that the help and encouragement you give your units will be repaid in many more ways than you can estimate.

If a careful check were made, you would find that the active members in any fraternal order are the men who belong to the units, and upon their shoulders rests the burden of keeping the organization alive. Remember that these men are working fifty-two weeks in the year to perfect their routine, and a cheerful word or a pat on the back will often give them the extra little push they need to "go over the top".

Now let us get back to judging contests. How much preparation



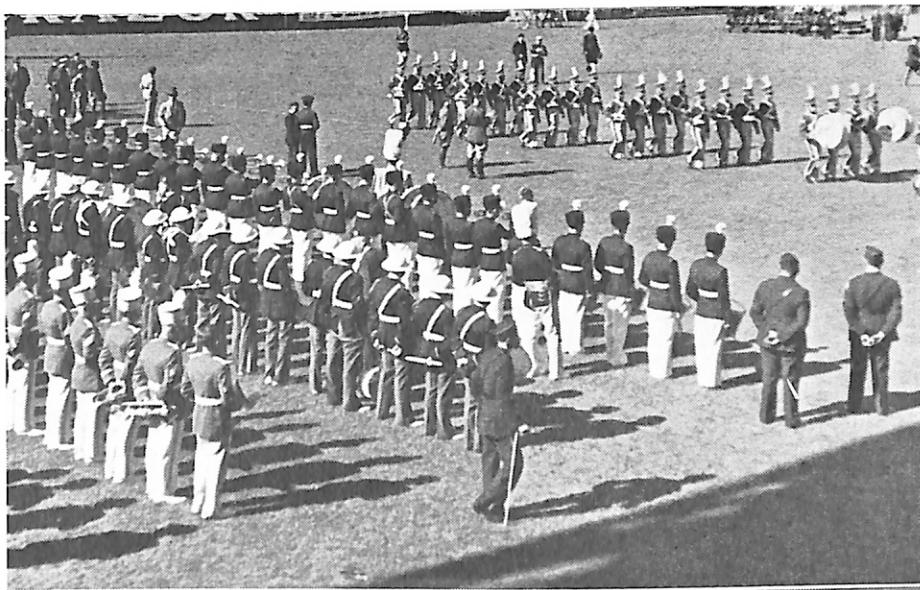
Acme Newspictures

have you given your unit? Have you read the rules carefully? The Judges have! Are you ready to take your place in the starting line? From that point on, it is the duty of the Judges (who according to the losers should be tarred and feathered) to find the unit with the least amount of errors so that that unit may be declared champion.

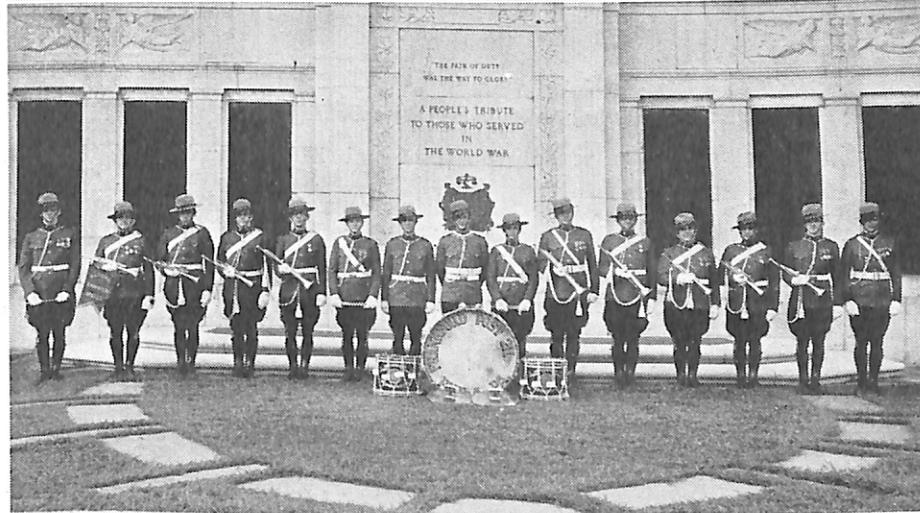
You might ask, how do they mark us? Well, let me cite an example which I think will explain it fully.

Above: Miami Post 29 (left), and Old Dorchester Post 65, Boston, Mass., lined up for inspection during the band competition of the American Legion convention at the Polo Grounds, New York City, Sept. 20th, 1937

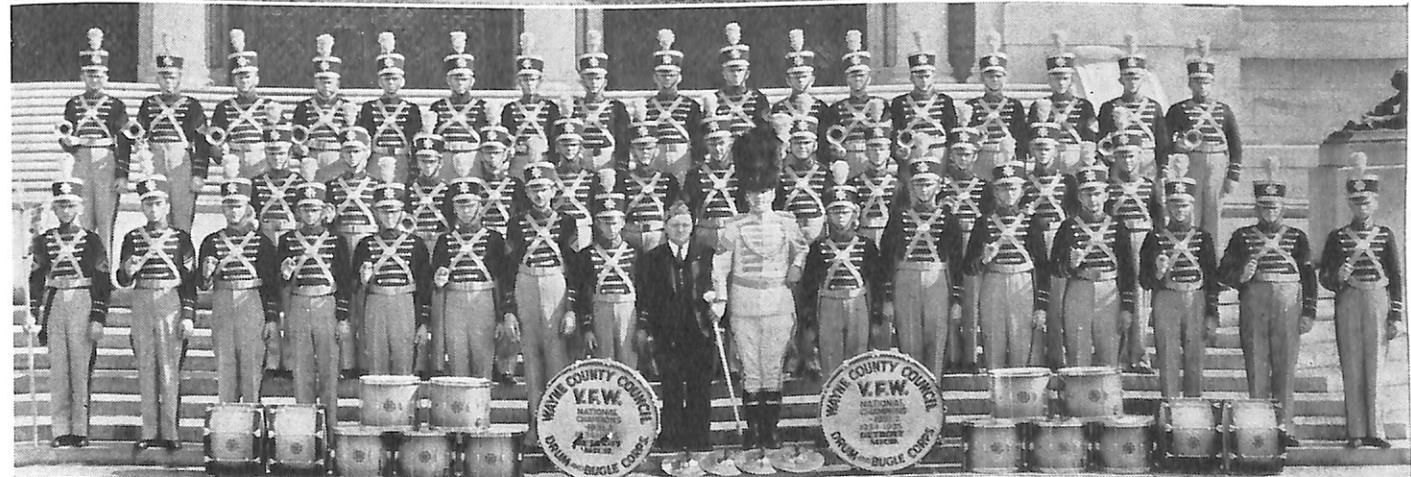
We will assume that you start off with 100 points, for points are taken off for each error and not built up. If the point system seems too complicated, let us assume that you start with \$1.00 and for each penalty



Left: A view of the American Legion competition of the Drum and Bugle Corps last year, which was won by San Gabriel Post, No. 442. Fifty-seven Corps competed



Left: The Frankford Concert Corps, American Legion. The first corps in the U.S. to adopt the use of the free valve. Featured at the Century of Progress, Chicago, 1933. Col Robert M. Cotter, Director



or error you are fined one tenth of a cent. I say that, for a tenth of a point is the general penalty for an error that you make on the field. You can readily see that an untrained unit will spend its points in a very reckless manner and then wonder why it doesn't win. Remember that the success of your exhibition is entirely up to the men in your unit. It is not the fault of the Judges if your showing is so poor they are forced to mark you off when, with a little more practice or

effort on your part you might gain enough points to win.

To give you a general idea as to how contests are scored, let us take the various subjects or subdivisions that are used in judging a bugle corps contest.

First we have Inspection, which is followed by Cadence, Marching and Maneuvering, Drumming, Bugling and General Effect.

Now I shall treat these subjects separately so that you will have an idea as to the scoring method.

INSPECTION

Inspection will be made of the uniforms and the musical equipment of the unit. The Commanding Officer first reports to the Judge that his unit is prepared for Inspection, and after doing so the Officer will be invited to accompany the Inspection Judge on his tour of duty. Meanwhile, the Judge has had an opportunity to consider the outfit from a distance and it is possible from this observation to determine whether a unit has military class or not. However, it is not his duty to penalize the unit on this count. That will be taken care of later on when the corps marches over the starting line. (It might be well to mention here that a unit may be decidedly handicapped by the poor manner in which its Commanding Officer addresses his opening remarks to the Judge.)

After inviting the Commanding Officer to accompany him, the Judge will take his position to the right of the line—assuming that the unit is being inspected in a company front formation. Walking down the front of the line, he will inspect each

Above: Wayne County Council, Veterans of Foreign Wars, National Champions 1931-32-34-35-36-37

man and point out errors to the Officer. Thus the Commanding Officer will know, even before he receives his score sheets, whether or not his corps has made a good score. In his tour down the line the Inspecting Judge will be on the look-out for hats cocked at different angles, men in need of a shave, the fit of tunics

(Continued on page 46)

On to Atlantic City!

WITH the Convention program practically completed, Atlantic City Lodge No. 276 is leaving nothing undone in its efforts to make the Seventy-Fourth Grand Lodge Reunion in the resort the most enjoyable ever known.

The week beginning July 10th promises to offer visiting Elks as glorious an outing as the Grand Lodge has ever been afforded, with the entire city prepared to outdo any of their municipal rivals in entertainment.

Fishing, sailing, roller-chair riding, deep-sea net hauls, stage shows, movies, minstrels, two outdoor circuses, dancing in piers, hotels, grills and clubs, bathing, educational exhibits—they're all a part of the great fun program in Atlantic City during Elks' Convention week. One of the principal points of interest, where several entertainment programs are slated, is the Steel Pier, stretching a half mile out to sea. On Monday and Tuesday of Convention week, all of the Pier's features will be available to Elks, including the stage shows, movies, exhibits, dancing and water shows. On Wednesday Hamid's Million Dollar Pier will be the fun center.

The tentative program for the week includes the following events, together with the chairman of the committees in charge:

Sunday, July 10—Churches—Clarence Knauer, chairman. TRAPSHOOTING—Traps open for practice for those entering contest. Si Lippman, Atlantic City Lodge, chairman.

Monday, July 11—Trapshooting—Traps open for practice. GOLF—First qualifying match, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Robert Watson, Atlantic City Lodge, chairman.

SIGHTSEEING TRIPS—10 a. m. to 7 p. m., including trip to Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children and many forms of entertainment. Free to all Elks.

8 P. M.—Opening ceremonies, ballroom Atlantic City Auditorium. Reception and Musicale. All Elks and Ladies to be guests of Grand Lodge. Charles Grakelow, Past Exalted Ruler, Philadelphia Lodge, chairman.



Fred Hess & Son

Bicycling on Atlantic City's Boardwalk

Tuesday, July 12—National Elks Trapshooting Contest.

Many prizes including Elks Magazine Trophy.

1:30 P. M.—2nd qualifying match of golf tournament.

10 A. M. to 7 P. M.—Sightseeing trips and visit to Betty Bacharach Home.

9 P. M.—Night of Nights in main auditorium of world's largest Convention Hall. Spectacular ice carnival with 60 international stars, 25 great acts on 20,000 feet of real ice.

Wednesday, July 13—10 A. M.—Drill team contests.

Final play-off match of golf tournament 1:30 P. M. Many prizes including the \$2,000 Doyle Trophy.

2 P. M.—Reception and card party for ladies at Traymore Hotel, under direction of Ladies Auxiliary of Atlantic City Lodge, Mrs. Millard F. Allman, chairman. Prizes and favors.

3 P. M.—Glee Club Contest, Harry Jones, Atlantic City Lodge, chairman.

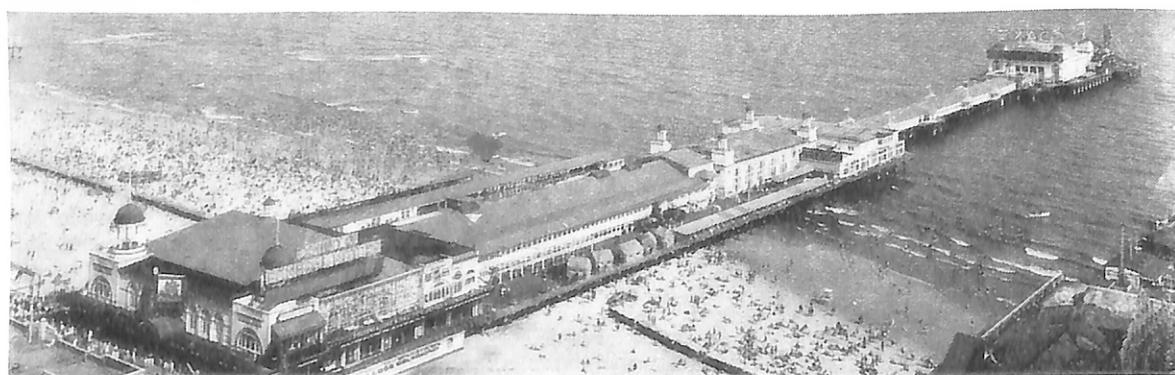
9 P. M.—GRAND BALL AND RECEPTION in honor of Charles Spencer Hart in Auditorium ballroom. Nationally famous orchestra. Entertainment. I. Edward Littman, Atlantic City Lodge, chairman.

Thursday, July 14—1 P. M.—GRAND PARADE on Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk. Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Boston, Mass.; Deputy Grand Esquire Emil J. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, N. J.; Deputy Grand Esquire Major Wm. F. Casey, Atlantic City; Deputy Grand Esquire William S. Cuthbert, Atlantic City. Band contest during parade, Joseph Abrams, Atlantic City Lodge, chairman.

9 P. M.—Beach party and carnival of fun on beach in front of Traymore Hotel, headquarters for the Convention.

Friday, July 15—“Auld Lang Syne” and Au Revoir.

Fishing, sailing, roller-chair riding, bathing are continuous diversions at Atlantic City for duration of Convention.



Fred Hess & Son

Atlantic City's famous beach and the Steel Pier

First Aid for Your Dog

PROPER attention given promptly may save the life of your dog. Also it is well to apply first aid until the dog can be gotten to the veterinarian.

For a biting dog, use a tape or cloth about a yard long. Form a loop around the dog's muzzle and tie the knot under the chin. Then carry the two ends to a point behind the ears and tie it securely around the neck.

For an emergency bandage, use a handkerchief or other piece of cloth folded diagonally to form a triangle. The point opposite the longest side is folded over.

For wounds and skin openings, apply antiseptic such as boracic acid solution (a teaspoonful to one-half

a glass of water), a three-percent solution of creolin or lysol or a coal tar product. Paint the wound with iodine or other light antiseptic. Epsom salt or ordinary table salt in water are light antiseptics. Alum is both antiseptic and blood-stopping for a flowing wound.

For burns from fires, scalds or chemicals, wash clean with water and apply boric acid and vaseline or lard or raw linseed oil.

If the dog suffers from heat prostration and sun stroke, move to a cool place, apply cold water to the body and ice packs to the head. Let the dog inhale vapors of ammonia.

If the dog is choking and in danger of strangulation, probe the throat with the finger as far down as possible and try to locate the object. Also give the dog mineral oil as this will aid in having the dog expel the object through its own efforts.

If poison has been swallowed, the

first essential is to remove it from the stomach as early as possible.

If the poison is one that is caustic, that is, that burns the mouth and throat, do not cause the dog to vomit. These caustics include hydrochloric, nitric and sulphuric acid. If the dog has been poisoned by other agents than caustics, give bicarbonate of soda water or soap and water.

To cause a dog to vomit, give syrup of ipecac. Other articles that cause vomiting are whites of eggs, ordinary table salt, slightly heated lard, or a large quantity of milk.

Handling as we discuss it here does not refer to the handling of the dog in the ring but to the handling of the dog in the way of moving him about or lifting him or carrying him.

To lift a rabbit by its ears or a cat by the loose skin of the neck is such common practice that almost every one thinks it to be entirely satisfactory to the parties involved, but the rabbit and the cat have not expressed their feeling in words.

In our opinion it is distinctly painful to the rabbit, to be lifted by the ear. Just because the rabbit's ears are long and present a handy handle, does not prove that lifting by the ear does not pain him.

In like manner, to lift a puppy by the flesh of the neck is common but is not good practice, is not pleasant to the puppy, and really does injury to him.

To lift a dog or to carry him, place your arm around the chest. Or place one arm under his neck and the other around the rear quarters.

To keep the dog's head in proper position and the mouth closed, put one hand entirely over the muzzle; keep the mouth tightly closed and use the other hand behind the ears to hold the head rigid.

To lift up a dog's leg or to examine his paw, give the dog opportunity to shift his weight to the other leg; then lift up leg slowly.

Most dogs do not like the taste of medicine. As a rule, medicine should not be mixed with the food if it has any distinct or displeasing taste. This practice causes the dog to suspect his food dish.

The first principle in administering medicine is to place it far back in the mouth at the base of the tongue so that the dog must swallow it involuntarily. He will try his best to spew it out. At times when you think the pill is safely down into the stomach, he will be carrying it alongside his tongue, watching out of his eye for the first opportunity to spew it out.

Try to make your dog understand that he must take the medicine. Act firmly and promptly in administering it. Open his mouth by holding the muzzle with the left hand, pinching the lip against the upper teeth. As he opens his mouth, whether the medicine be liquid or capsule, place it far back in the mouth. Then hold his mouth shut tightly with both hands, lift his head up, and if necessary (Continued on page 53)

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine



Doris Day



EDITORIAL

A SALUTE TO THE GENERAL

THE whole world rejoices that General Pershing won his recent battle. One of less determination and intestinal fortitude would have surrendered when the odds against recovery were almost or quite overwhelming. All save the General gave up the contest, but he was not ready to surrender even to the grim reaper. He kept on fighting and won, as we hope and pray he may continue to win for many years to come.

Nowhere is the gladsome news of his restoration to health heralded with greater rejoicing than among his brother Elks in whose hearts he is enshrined in affection and love. They will never forget that when he returned from oversea loaded down with honors and buried with invitations from organizations and aggregations of the Nation's outstanding business and professional men, he accepted first the invitation extended to him on behalf of our Order by its then Grand Exalted Ruler. Under these auspices he chose first to be welcomed back to his beloved America.

At the banquet given by the Elks in his honor that historic night in New York City, he paid a glowing tribute to our Order expressive of his appreciation of what it had done to assist the American Expeditionary Forces in what they had accomplished in the World War.

THE PUBLIC CEREMONIAL

THE week of the Grand Lodge and National Reunion of Elks at Atlantic City will be ushered in, agreeable to long established custom, on Monday evening, July 11, with a ceremony to which the public is invited. This ceremonial is always

colorful but this year a special effort is being put forth to make it even more spectacular and enjoyable than ever before. It is the only session open to the public and always is largely attended. It will be held in the City Convention Hall, one of the most attractive structures of its kind in the country, which in and of itself has unique allurements. A special program which is being arranged under the direction of the Grand Lodge will provide an evening's entertainment long to be remembered. We are not privileged to make advance announcement of the program, but every Elk should time his arrival in Atlantic City so as not to miss this initiation of the week's work and festivities.

MERITED RECOGNITION

FHE following is clipped from the New York *World-Telegram*, issue of March 8:

"Within 24 hours of the publication of her latest story, 'Public Playboy No. 1', in the current issue of *The Elks Magazine*, Ruth Adams Knight, the author, received bids for the movie rights and the English rights."

It is a human trait common to all that we appreciate the approval of others, and in nothing is this more pronounced than to find that one's judgment with reference to a literary product has met with unqualified endorsement.

The selection of "Public Playboy No. 1" was made from many manuscripts not only on account of its literary merit but also because of its sentimental appeal. Those who have not read the story which appeared in our March issue should do so, and those who have read it should reread it in anticipation of its appearance on the silver screen that they may better understand the screen version. We extend sincere congratulations to Mrs. Knight.

In this connection we crave indulgence to blow our own horn just a little. That Mrs. Knight's story came to notice and approval through its publication in these columns merely adds to the already abundant proof that *The Elks Magazine* is one of recognized standing and that it is widely read. If you want to bury a story or hide an advertisement, you should not choose this Magazine.



IMPORTANCE OF SOCIAL QUARTERS

AN ELKS Club, properly conducted, is an important adjunct to the lodge. The Grand Lodge very wisely does not attempt to control subordinate lodges in the conduct of their social quarters. To be sure, certain general rules, applicable to all, have been laid down, but the detail of club activities has been left to each lodge. What would well fit into a situation in a given city might not prove wise or desirable in another where conditions are wholly dissimilar.

Open-handed hospitality in the club room is beneficial not only to the lodge extending it, but to the Order in general. We do not mean hospitality which involves the expenditure of money, but rather the hospitality of friendly greeting to the visiting Brother and his family.

Club rooms in some instances are so arranged that non-member visitors cannot be shown through them without disturbing, perhaps even annoying, members assembled to enjoy the club privileges. Even in such cases, however, a kindly greeting at the vestibule or office and some show of interest in visitors will go a long way toward making them feel that they are among friends.

"ALL RIGHT-THINKING PERSONS"

TN commenting on the significance of the oft-repeated expression "all right-thinking persons" the *Omaha World Herald* reaches the logical conclusion that it embraces all those who hold the same views as he who uses the expression. It is then suggested that the opinion of "all right-thinking persons" is not infallible, and as evidence, among many other illustrations, is cited the fact that at one time "all right-thinking persons" in and about Salem, Massachusetts, believed in witchcraft and in the righteousness of putting witches to death.

We find ourselves in agreement with the editorial conclusion that the expression in fact includes only those who are on our side of a given proposition, and relegates to the outer world of darkness those who think differently. Basically this is mere intolerance of the views of others, which should always be

avoided. No matter how carefully one has thought out a proposition, the realization of the possibility of an erroneous conclusion should be kept in mind, which on final analysis means respect for the opinions of others. To find ourselves in agreement with the great majority does not necessarily prove that we are right. History establishes that, as judged by our present standards, the majority has often been wrong.

Our Order teaches and practices tolerance and abhors intolerance. Take, for example, the matter of religion and also that of politics. It recognizes the right of every man to worship as his conscience may dictate and as his early training may have inclined him. The right of every man to form and adhere to his own political views is recognized. As to the former it demands only belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and as to the latter only loyalty to the American Flag as typifying those blessings of citizenship which we cherish and hold dear.

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT

IMEDIATELY in front of the colonial columns which guard the entrance to the National Home at Bedford, Virginia, there now stands a stately bronze elk, a gift to the Home and to the Order from Brother John Schmidt of New York Lodge No. 1.

Some time since, Brother Schmidt visited the Home and was so impressed with its façade and beautiful setting that he was inspired with the desire to contribute something which would be an added embellishment. The happy thought came to him of a bronze elk mounted on a low granite base, and surrounded by dwarf evergreens, to occupy an oval bit of green sward separated by a driveway from steps leading to the main entrance. This thought has now been translated into actuality, the effect being most pleasing. The generosity of Brother Schmidt is appreciated by those residing at the Home, as it is by the entire membership of the Order. We speak for them in an expression of sincere gratitude. It is a thought and gift worthy of the enthusiastic and devoted Elk that he is.

Right: Elks of Spokane, Wash., Lodge with a trailer car that led a caravan of automobiles filled with Elks who went to Yakima, Wash., Lodge to initiate a class there.

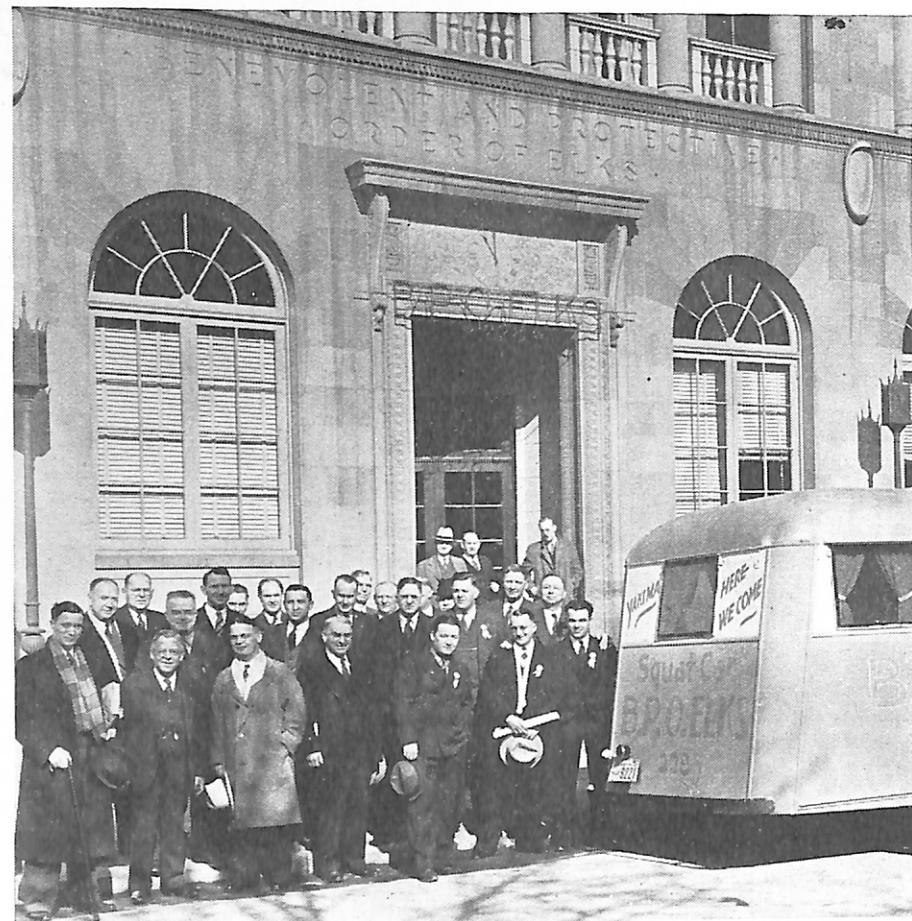
Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Dedicates Tuberculosis Hospital at Hazelwood

A signal honor was bestowed upon Louisville Lodge No. 8 by the Ky. State Elks Assn. when it was selected, on the recommendation of Dr. John B. Floyd, to sponsor the dedication of the new 80-bed Hazelwood Sanatorium building. Dr. Floyd is Chairman of the Elks Tuberculosis Committee, and is in charge of the State Health Board's Tuberculosis work. A fund of \$3,000 for the care of charity patients was contributed by Kentucky lodges of the Order, half this sum being raised by Louisville Lodge alone. Dr. Paul A. Turner, who is in charge of the Sanatorium, is a member of No. 8. The lodges had been busily engaged in furnishing beds and wards. At the time of dedication, the three-story building was well equipped with beds, blankets, linens, dishes, mattresses and other supplies purchased with money raised by the Elks of the State.

The building is to be known as the Ky. State Elks Hospital. The dedication ceremonies took place on March 28. They were directed by E.R. Edwin F. Franz of Louisville Lodge. The Elks Ritual was most impressive. The Elks Glee Club and the Louisville Male High School Band supplied music for the program. The highest praise was given the Order, and the individual lodges aiding in the magnificent work, by Gov. A. B. Chandler and Lieut. Gov. Keen Johnson, who delivered the principal addresses. Others who spoke were State Health Commis-



sioner Dr. A. T. McCormack, William Sellmeyer, Covington, Pres. of the Ky. State Elks Assn., and Dr. Floyd. Mr. Sellmeyer pledged continued support of the Association in the fight against tuberculosis. In the audience which included doctors, Elk officials and men prominent in public life, were dozens of the patients wrapped in coats and warm blankets. The services were held in an 'L' formed by two wings of the building.

Penna. State Elks Convention Conference Held at New Castle

Prominent leaders of the Order in Pennsylvania were guests of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, over a recent weekend. A conference was held with those Elks who are in charge of the arrangements for the Annual Convention of the Pa. State Elks Assn. to be held at New Castle in August. Plans were found to be ahead of schedule.

The visiting officials participating in the sessions were State Pres. Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg; Past State Pres.'s F. J. Schrader, Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, John F. Nugent, Braddock, and M. F. Horne, New Kensington; State Trustees James G. Bohlender, Mayor of Franklin, and Clarence O. Morris, Leechburg, and former State Trustee R. C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg. The local Elks attending were General Convention Chairman Clark H. Buell, P.E.R., and E.R. Edmund B. Connelly and the chairmen of the sub-committees.

A New Lodge is Impressively Instituted at Midland, Mich.

Midland, Mich., Lodge, No. 1610, was instituted March 2 with impressive ceremonies directed by District Deputy Irvine J. Unger of Detroit. The new lodge was given a splendid send-off by officers and members of many Michigan lodges. Among the distinguished visitors were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids; Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; District Deputies Charles L. Stebbins, Lansing, and Frank A. Small, St. Joseph; Special Deputy W. M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill.; Past District Deputies John Olsen and William T. Evans, Muskegon, and Ward E. Fulcher, Pontiac, and Pres. Thomas P. Gillotte, Pontiac, and Chaplain Benjamin Girdler, Grand Rapids, of the Michigan State Elks Association. Exalted Ruler Frank P. Daily, the officers and the Chanters of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, had charge of the initiatory ceremonies. A banquet at the Midland Country Club for the visiting officers preceded the meeting.

Glenn E. Smith, who gave valuable service in laying the groundwork for the new lodge, was elected its first Exalted Ruler, and Willard H. Jones its first Secretary. The dispensation was issued almost a year ago, but the institution of Midland Lodge was delayed until a suitable meeting place could be obtained.

Due to the rapid growth and crowded condition of the city, quarters were not available until recently. A buffet luncheon and a social session, held in the attractive club rooms, followed the formal ceremonies.

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Honors Veteran Tiler, Olof Lundberg

The affection and respect of the members of Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, and their appreciation of his valuable services, were demonstrated on March 31 when the lodge honored its Tiler, Olof Lundberg, at a banquet and meeting attended by practically the entire membership.

Mr. Lundberg has served as Tiler for 30 years and has never missed a single meeting. He will be 80 years old this coming July. He has been an outstanding citizen of Mankato ever since he took up his residence in the community 55 years ago. As a young man he was a member of the King's Guard in Sweden.

Activities in connection with the testimonial began at 5 P. M. and continued until a late hour. The date was designated on the lodge calendar as "Olof Lundberg Day in Our Lodge." In order to give the party a touch of "Auld Lang Syne," an old-time initiation was held. The

candidates were admitted into the lodge as members of the Olof Lundberg Class. The members of the Committee on Arrangements were P.E.R. John E. Regan, a Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, Dr. T. R. Butler and C. A. Nachbar.

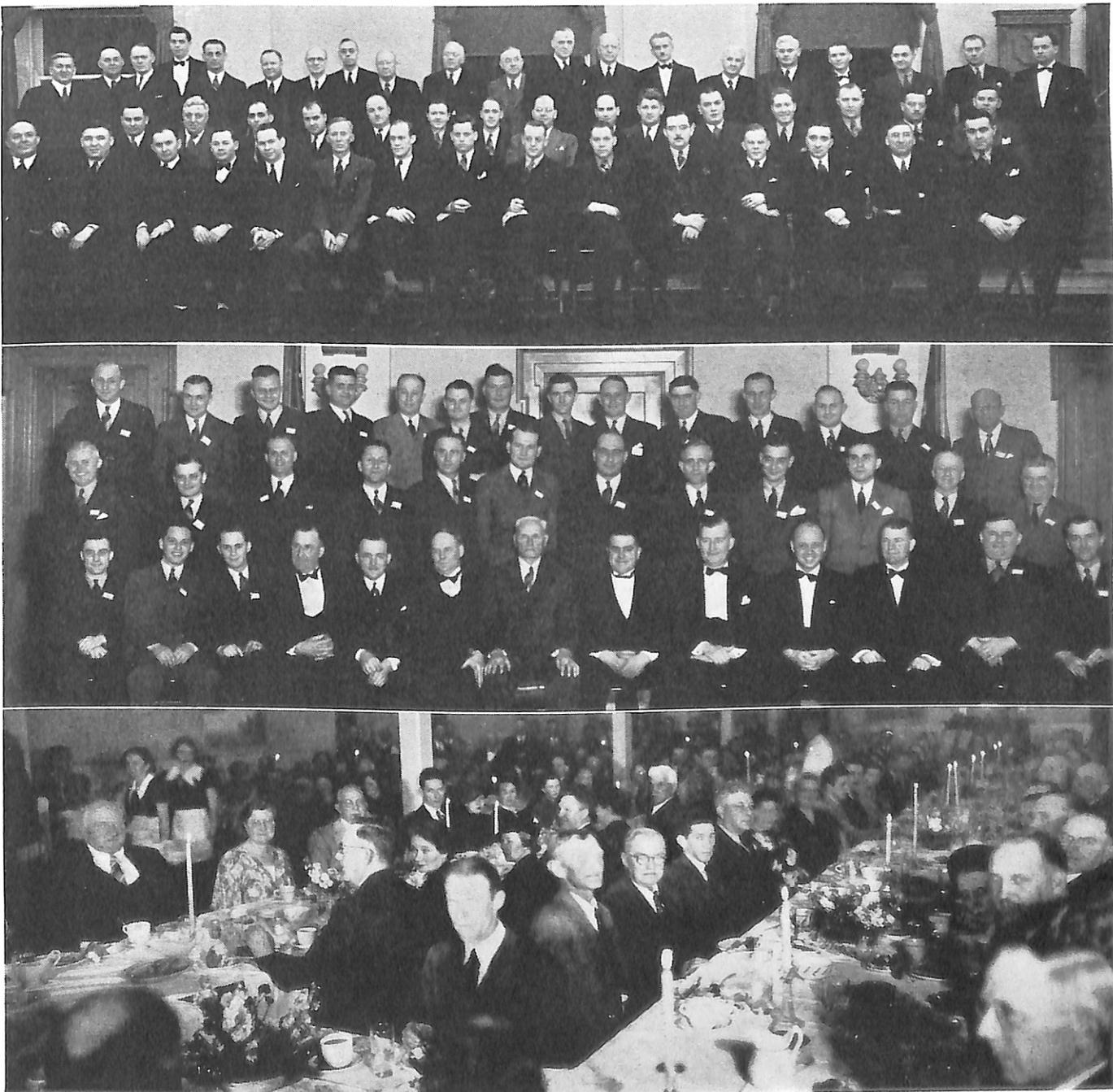
M. H. Starkweather is Honored by Clifton, Ariz., Lodge

E.R. W. P. Spann greeted some 164 Elks and their ladies at a banquet given by Clifton, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1174, at the Coronado Inn in honor of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather of Tuc-

Below: A class of candidates who were initiated into Madison, Wis., Lodge on March 14. The new Elks were known as the Charles Spencer Hart Class.

Below, center: A class of 38 candidates initiated into Mankato, Minn., Lodge in honor of their Tiler, Olof Lundberg. Mr. Lundberg sits first row, center.

At bottom: Elks of Clifton, Ariz., with their ladies photographed at a banquet which was held in honor of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather.



son, and the large class of candidates assembled for initiation at the evening meeting. Among the leading Elks of the State who attended were D.D. Henry M. Beard, Douglas Lodge, Harry F. Dise, Prescott, Pres. of the Ariz. State Elks Assn., and Past Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer of Globe Lodge. Many ladies were present.

After the banquet the regular meeting was held in the lodge room and the class initiated in Mr. Starkweather's honor. Movies in color of the Arizona Elks' Hospital at Tucson and of the parade at the National Convention of the Order at Denver last summer were shown by Mr. Starkweather. A large number of visitors attended, Prescott, Miami, Globe, Safford, Douglas and Ajo, Ariz., Silver City, N. M., and Los Angeles, Calif., being represented. As a memento of the occasion Mr. Starkweather was presented with a pair of native copper book ends.

Elks Plan Good-Neighbor Visit to Canada

For some time our newspapers have been filled with stories of threatened war throughout the world —of the growing danger in many

quarters of another armed conflict that may involve the nations of the world.

In the light of such international uneasiness, the recent announcement by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart of an Elks' Good-Neighbor Visit to Canada this summer is particularly significant, for no two countries enjoy a closer feeling of friendship and good will than the United States and Canada.

As Major Hart points out, the 3,000-mile boundary between us and our northern neighbors has known no hostile fortifications for more than a century.

"This is one of the most unique examples of international friendship and security in all the modern world," he says. "The spirit of neighborly cooperation that exists between the United States and Canada is one that deserves active commendation and encouragement and it is toward this end that the Elks' Good-Neighbor Visit to Canada has been planned."

Those who participate in this Good-Neighbor Visit will carry to the officials of the Canadian Government and its industrial and civic leaders good will greetings from Presi-

dent Roosevelt and Elkdom. There will be a luncheon at Montreal with appropriate ceremonies to mark this exchange of friendly greetings.

The Good-Neighbor Visit will take place immediately after the National B. P. O. E. Convention in Atlantic City. The Elks' party, with representatives of lodges from all parts of the country, will leave New York City by train on the evening of July 14, arriving in Montreal early the next morning for a sightseeing trip of this ancient city, which was founded in 1642.

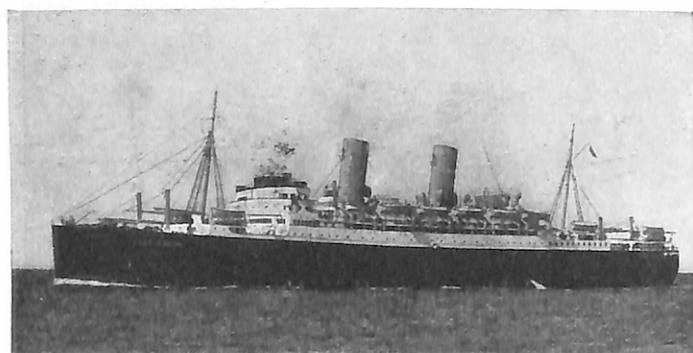
After the luncheon with the Canadian officials there will be more sightseeing and an evening of gaiety at one of the leading night clubs of this Old World City. The palatial Canadian Pacific ocean liner, the *Duchess of Atholl*, will take the group along the St. Lawrence River to Quebec, where a day will be devoted to an interesting study of the most historic city on the continent of North America.

This will be followed by a three-day cruise on the liner which will take the visitors along the St. Lawrence seaway, out into the Atlantic beyond the sight of land, and their journey will come to an end in New York on July 20.

Information concerning this vacation cruise can be obtained from *The Elks Magazine*, or any lodge secretary.

Elks National Home Will Furnish Mats to Lodges for Reproduction

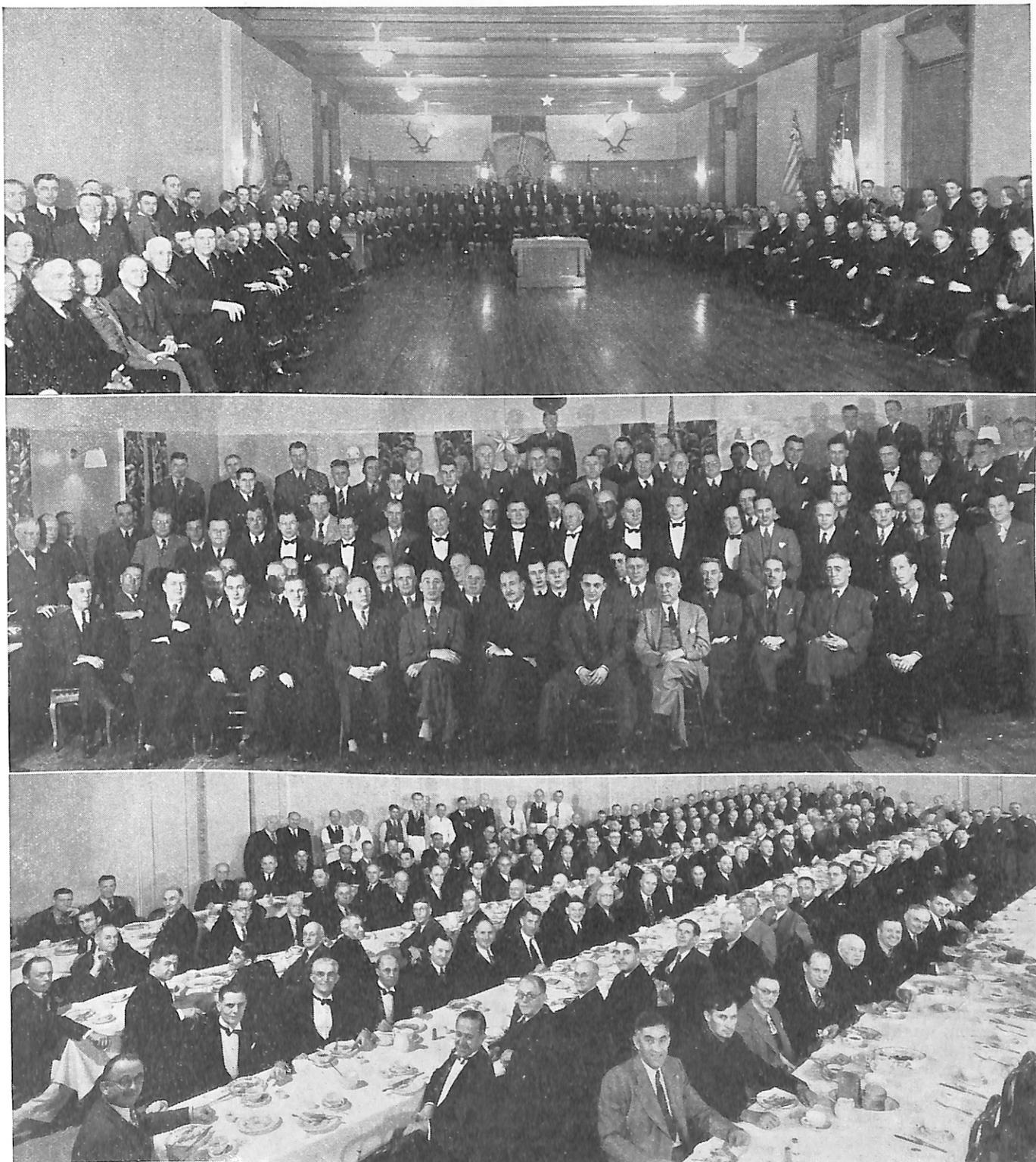
The Elks National Home has received a quantity of newspaper mats showing scenes in and around the Home. These can be used in lodge bulletins or in newspapers containing Elk publicity columns and will be furnished upon request, free of



Left: The S.S. Duchess of Atholl which will take many Elks on a Good-Neighbor visit to Canada.



At bottom: A large contract bridge class held by Amarillo, Tex., Lodge, which netted the charity fund a tidy sum.



At top: Elks of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, and 16 candidates who were initiated there during the Lodge's celebration of State Association Night.

cost, to any lodge of the Order. Address communications to Superintendent Robert A. Scott, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Fifth Annual Service Pin Night Held by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, on Tuesday, March 8, celebrated its Fifth Annual Service Pin Night. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight

Above, center: The officers of St. Albans, Vt., Lodge, and a large number of candidates who were initiated after an intensive membership campaign.

M. H. Starkweather, of Tucson, Ariz., was guest of honor and presented service pins to more than 50 members, and also delivered an impressive address in support of the Safety Program of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, was present. He was greeted with great applause, both before and after his

Above: Members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge who were present at the Fifth Annual Service Pin Dinner when pins were presented to the old timers.

address, which concluded with a tribute to the service rendered the Order by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, P.E.R., to whom Mr. Shannon, on behalf of Pasadena Lodge, presented an Honorary Life Membership.

The movement to award pins denoting service to the Order originated with Lee Cochrane, a member of Pasadena Lodge, and was pre-



sented to the California State Elks Association by the lodge in 1933. It was officially approved and has since spread to over 40 lodges of the State. Pins of uniform design were adopted by the Association. They are awarded to three classes of members—first, those of 15 or more years of continuous service; second, those of 20 or more years of service, and third, those of 35 or more years of service. In the 35-year class which was awarded pins this year by Pasadena Lodge, one member, W. H. Gordon, qualified with more than fifty years of continuous membership. He was first a member of St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge.

The celebration was preceded by a dinner at which more than 350 local and visiting Elks were guests of the lodge. Prominent members of the Order attending included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Starkweather; L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Dr. Ralph Hagan, Los Angeles, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Potts; Past State Pres. Horace H. Quinby, Alhambra; D.D. George D. Hastings, Glendale; State Vice-Pres. Thomas F. McCue, Alhambra; State Trustee John P. Martin, Jr., San Pedro; State Tiler Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, and State Sergeant-at-Arms R. C. Crowell, Pas-

At top: The Band of Bismarck, N.D., Lodge which has made a series of Sunday tours to neighboring Lodges.

Also above: Elks of Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge photographed at "Old Timers' Night".

Right: The handsome home of Portsmouth, Va., Lodge where the 50th Anniversary of the Lodge was recently celebrated.

dena. E.R. Isaac Polhamus of Yuma Lodge accompanied Mr. Starkweather to Pasadena, and delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. P.E.R. Glenn W. Dorsett was Chairman of the local Committee on Arrangements, of which E.R. Dr. Clifford M. Winchell was a member. P.E.R. J. Robert Paine is Chairman of the Service Pin Committee of the State Association.

N. J. State Elks Assn. Quarterly Meeting Held at Hoboken Lodge

The March quarterly meeting of the N. J. State Elks Association was held in the home of Hoboken, N. J.,



Lodge, No. 74. It marked the 50th Anniversary of the institution of that lodge and was attended by more than 500 delegates and members.

The national safe driving campaign being carried on by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was given enthusiastic support. A resolution was unanimously adopted endorsing legislation to penalize "ticket fixing" in line with the Grand Exalted Ruler's recommendation. Mention was also made of the widespread publicity secured for the Order of Elks through the campaign. It was pointed out that although many other organizations are en-

gaged in a similar activity, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart has been given more newspaper space and national broadcast spread in the past eight months for the Elks' safe driving campaign than was secured during that time by all the other organizations referred to, combined. Chairman Joseph G. Buch, of the State Crippled Children's Committee, again called attention to the necessity of the continuation of this activity by the Elk lodges. He pointed out that State and Federal funds are now available to supplement private and fraternal contributions so as to insure one hundred per cent care for every crippled child in New Jersey. Mr. Buch urged especially that each lodge become a clearing house for all cripples within its jurisdiction, and that hospital and school transportation be arranged by the lodge when necessary.

Chairman William J. Jernick, of the State Association Publicity Committee, reported a marked increase in newspaper space given the New Jersey lodges during the previous quarter, much of it being in the form of editorials. He stated that at advertising space rates, the lineage would have cost more than \$6,000. It was directed that the New Jersey Elks' State-wide publicity set-up be transmitted to the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

Action was taken to insure cooperative support by the New Jersey Elk

lodges for the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children at Longport, near Atlantic City. It was announced that more than 50 of the lodges would participate in the Grand Lodge uniformed parade in July at Atlantic City.

The Annual Reunion of the N. J. State Elks Association will be held in Atlantic City the second week in July, coincident with that of the Grand Lodge.

*Ventura, Calif., Lodge Honors
P.E.R. Roscoe W. Burson, P.D.D.*

Two hundred and twenty-five members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, traveled 56 miles northward recently to participate in a meeting which Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, was holding in honor of P.D.D. Roscoe Burson, one of its most popular Past Exalted Rulers. The Santa Monica party, including the Band and Drill Team, and the officers under the leadership of E.R. Pierce P. Kinsman, was warmly welcomed by the members of the host lodge. The meeting was most enjoyable and was followed by a fine floor show and buffet luncheon.

*P.E.R. Hurley, Life Member of
Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, Dies*

More than fifty members of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, attended the funeral of P.E.R. Dallas M. Hurley who passed away on January 30. Impressive Elk ceremonies

were conducted at the cemetery by Esteemed Leading Knight Harry Marks. Mr. Hurley was a life member of Montgomery Lodge and one of its most faithful workers.

*"P.E.R.'s and Old Timers Night"
at New Philadelphia, O., Lodge*

"Past Exalted Rulers and Old Timers Night," observed recently by New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, began with a venison dinner after which a meeting was held at which all members of twenty-five or more years standing were given special recognition. The feature of the very interesting program arranged for the evening was an address by the Rev. E. Frank Cody, a local member, on "The Philosophy of Service." The Chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers. At this meeting committees were appointed for the Ohio Southeast District meeting held at New Philadelphia Lodge on March 29.

*Grant Reynard, Famous Artist, a
Loyal Grand Island, Neb., Elk*

Grant Reynard, famous artist and etcher, who has his studio in Laconia, N. J., returns to Grand Island, Neb., as often as he can to renew fraternal friendships with the Elks of Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, of which he is a proud and loyal member. Mr. Reynard was initiated last September as a member of the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Class." Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was present at the ceremonies which were being held in his honor. Major Hart and Mr. Reynard are old friends but they had not seen each other for several years.

*Two Great Men Are Impersonated
by Detroit, Mich., Members*

On the occasion of the Lincoln's Birthday observance of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, two of the members distinguished themselves by impersonations of the Great Emancipator and his General, Ulysses S. Grant. Alfred Thomas was pronounced perfect as Abraham Lincoln, and Edward Allor, a veteran actor, was acclaimed when he appeared as Gen. Grant. The evening was enjoyed by a large crowd of members and friends.



Left: The spacious home of Circleville, O., Lodge, decorated for the celebration of its Golden Jubilee.

Below: The Officers of Youngstown, O., Lodge in their lodge home, photographed with a large class of candidates whom they recently initiated.





Trenton, N. J., Elks Entertain State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon

In connection with the visitation of Pres. Murray B. Sheldon of the N. J. State Elks Assn. to Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, a full program, beginning at 12:15, was carried through by the local committees. Mr. Sheldon, who is the E.R. of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, was accom-

Below: Some of the officials at the speakers' table who were present at the banquet tendered by Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, Lodge to State President Grover C. Shoemaker, fourth from left.

panied by Secy. Emil J. Hirtzel, and Past Pres.'s George L. Hirtzel and John G. Sauerwein, Chairman of the State Elks Safe Driving Committee, and P.E.R. Henry R. Lammerding. Among the prominent Trenton Elks who attended the luncheon at the Hotel Hildebrecht, held shortly after the arrival of Mr. Sheldon and his party, were Past Presidents Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the N. J. State Crippled Children's Committee, and Albert E. Dearden, local secretary; Robert M. Fielder, Trenton, of the State Association's Better Parades Committee, and Past Exalted Ruler Harry E. Hack.

Left: Elks of Olean, N. Y., Lodge and city officials who were present when Olean Lodge presented to the city a valuable inhalator.

Visits were made in the afternoon to the Scammell China Company and the Executive offices at the State House where Gov. A. Harry Moore, P.E.R. of Jersey City Lodge and a Past State President, extended his greetings. At 6:30 a dinner was held at the Hildebrecht and at eight o'clock Mr. Sheldon paid his official visit to Trenton Lodge.

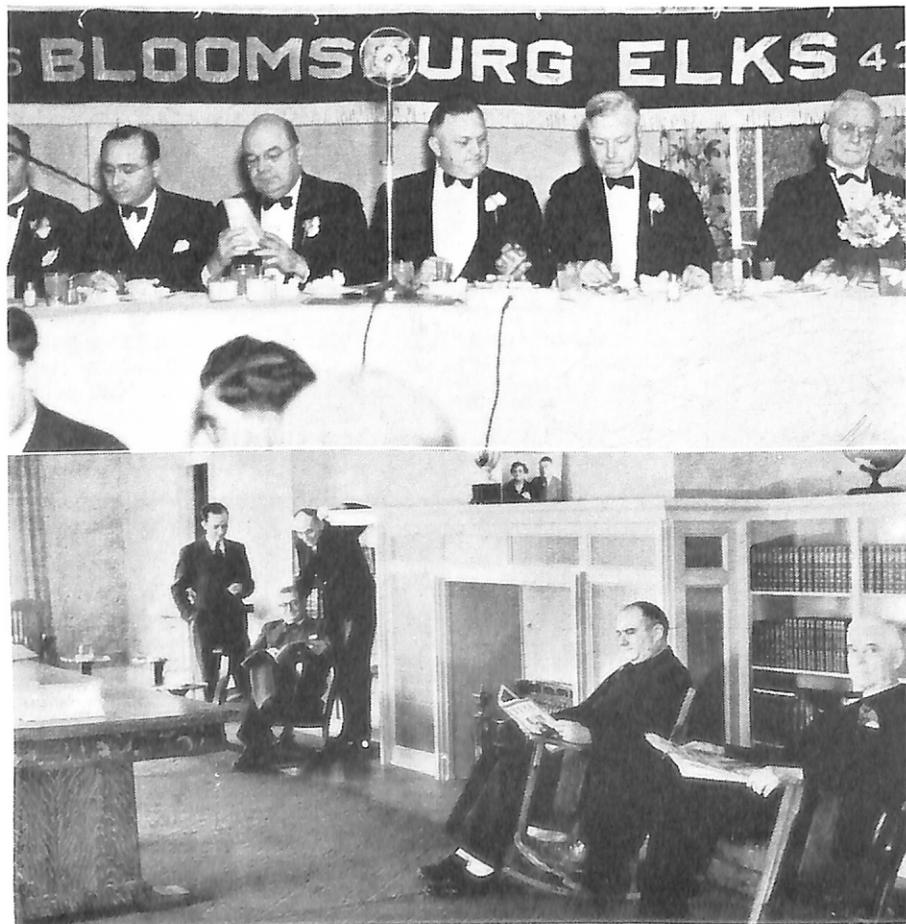
Birthday Ball Held in Home of Texarkana, Ark., Lodge

The home of Texarkana, Ark., Lodge, No. 399, was the scene of gay festivities when the lodge held its President's Birthday Ball and hundreds of citizens joined the Texarkana members in the celebration. A 12-piece orchestra provided music and a fine floor show was presented. Admission slips were in the form of founders' certificates. Dancing was the main feature of the evening, and prizes donated by local merchants were distributed. The members of the committee in charge of arrangements were P.E.R.'s L. V. Nicewarner and B. R. McCarley, and Mike Gilbert.

"Philadelphia Night" Held by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

"Philadelphia Night" at Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, was participated in by 200 members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. The party traveled by special train and was met by local officers and members with their Mounted Guard in full uniform, a uniformed body from the Frank Perry Post of the American Legion, the W.P.A. Band, the Veterans of Foreign Wars Band and a special police escort led by Chief James A. McManemin, Sr. The Philadelphia delegation included the Elks' uniformed Band, Drill Team and Mounted Guard. Marshal William S. Cuthbert led the procession, bearing red torch lights, which marched from the station to the lodge home.

Over 400 attended the meeting which was conducted by the Philadelphia officers. E.R. Max Slepian gave a magnificent address. He was presented with the key to the city by Trustee W. A. Casey. Committee Chairman James A. McManemin, Jr., spoke. The Philadelphia Elks voted a contribution of \$100 for the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children at Longport, N. J. Solemnity marked a portion of the evening when Joseph Abrams delivered a eulogy to the late Anthony J. Siras.



Left: One of the comfortable rooms in the home of Casper, Wyo., Lodge which has recently been redecorated.



cusa, Jr., P.E.R. of Atlantic City Lodge. The closing ceremonies, conducted by E.R. Harold L. Wertheimer and the Atlantic City officers, were followed by the serving of a buffet supper. During the meeting the ladies, who accompanied the Philadelphia Elks, were entertained with a card party by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the local lodge.

Below: Members of Carlinville, Ill., Lodge, who, at the conclusion of a membership drive in which 25 members were secured, held a banquet in celebration.

Above: A group of Elks and their ladies who recently returned from a West Indies cruise on the S.S. Transylvania after a glorious vacation in Southern Waters.

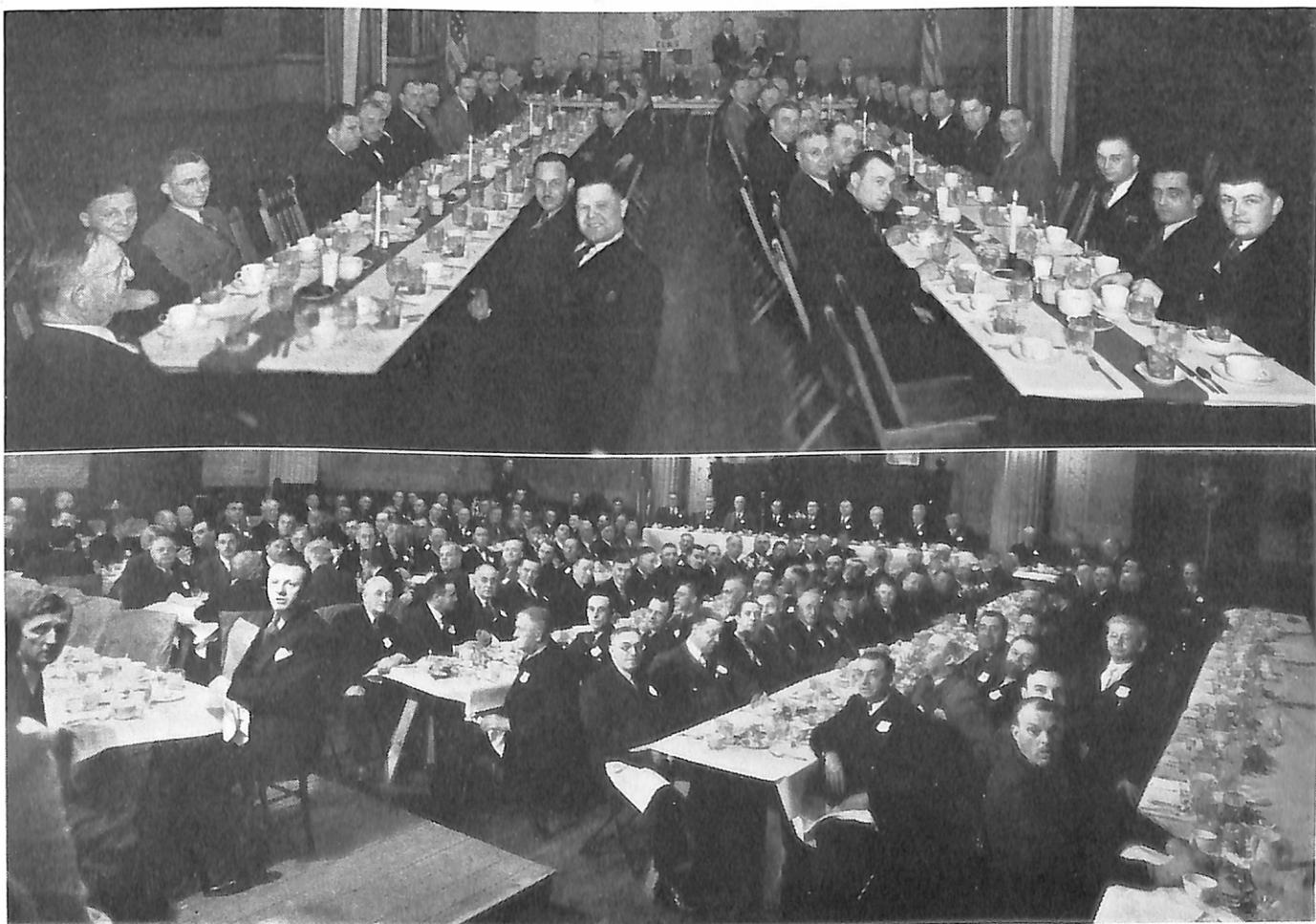
Two Special "Nights" Are Held by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

More than 250 members and guests attended the "French-Polish Night" stag dinner held recently by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902. Among the guests of honor were Mayor Anthony J. Stonina and Senator Chester Skibinski of Chicopee,

and E.R. John Haggerty of Springfield, Mass., Lodge. Dr. Joseph A. Starzyk, Chairman, was assisted by Anthony Goddu.

The "Irish Night" celebration set a new attendance mark. Four hundred and ninety-eight corned beef and cabbage dinners were served with dexterity by a group of Elks turned waiters. The Holyoke Elks' "Irish Nights" are famous, and many mem-

At bottom are those who attended the 49th Annual P.E.R.'s Night Stag Dinner in the home of Duluth, Minn., Lodge.



Right: Boy Scout Troop No. 8, sponsored by Burbank, Calif., Lodge, which holds a number of meetings each year in the Burbank Lodge rooms.

bers of Massachusetts and Connecticut lodges were present. P.E.R. John J. Sheehan was Master of Ceremonies at the concert given during the evening, in a forest scene setting, by the Elks Glee Club. Edward F. Gilday, Sr., directed the singing.

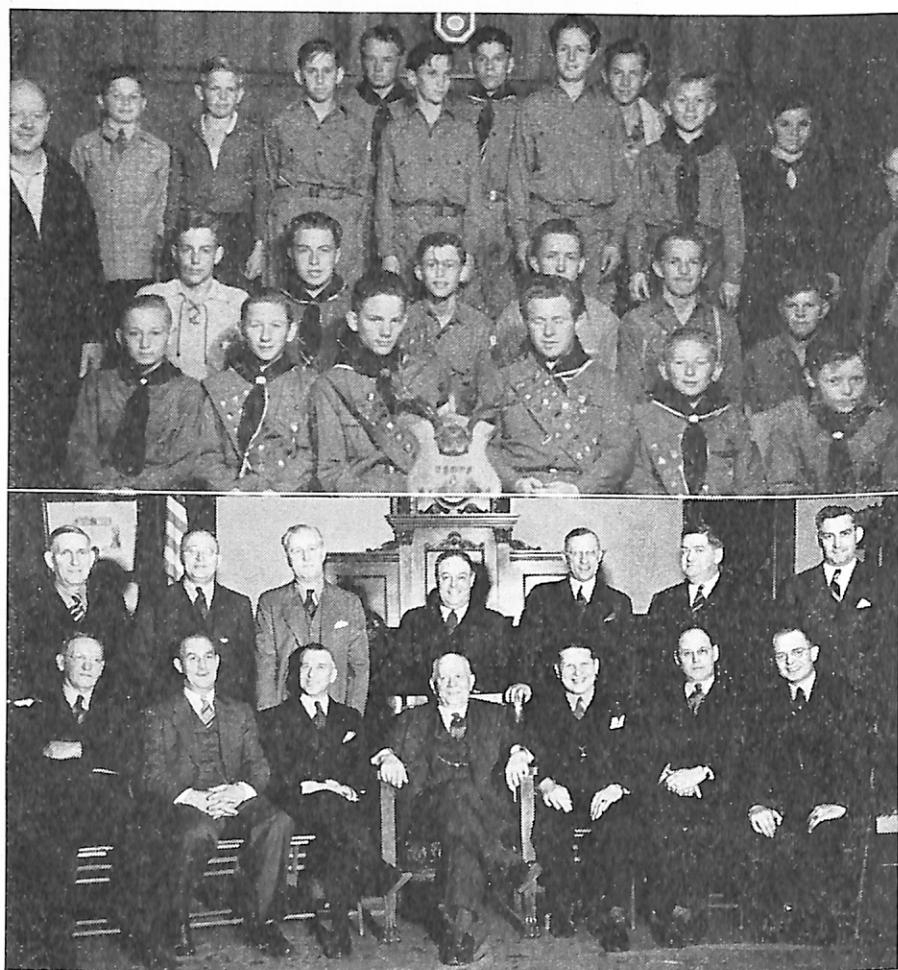
P.E.R.'s Night at New Castle, Pa., Lodge a Double Observance

New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, combined its Past Exalted Rulers Night festivities with the observance of the 70th birthday of the Order. E.R. Edmund B. Connelly was the only guest at the banquet, which is a traditional annual affair and was attended this year by 16 Past Exalted Rulers. Reelection of Harry Alexander to the Presidency and Abe Levine to the Secretaryship took place during the short business session of the P.E.R.'s Assn. held after the banquet.

The Lodge meeting was presided over by ten of the Past Exalted Rulers headed by C. W. Herman Hess. The group initiated a class of candidates in impressive ceremonies. A delightful social session followed. E.R. Connelly gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Observes Annual P.E.R.'s Night

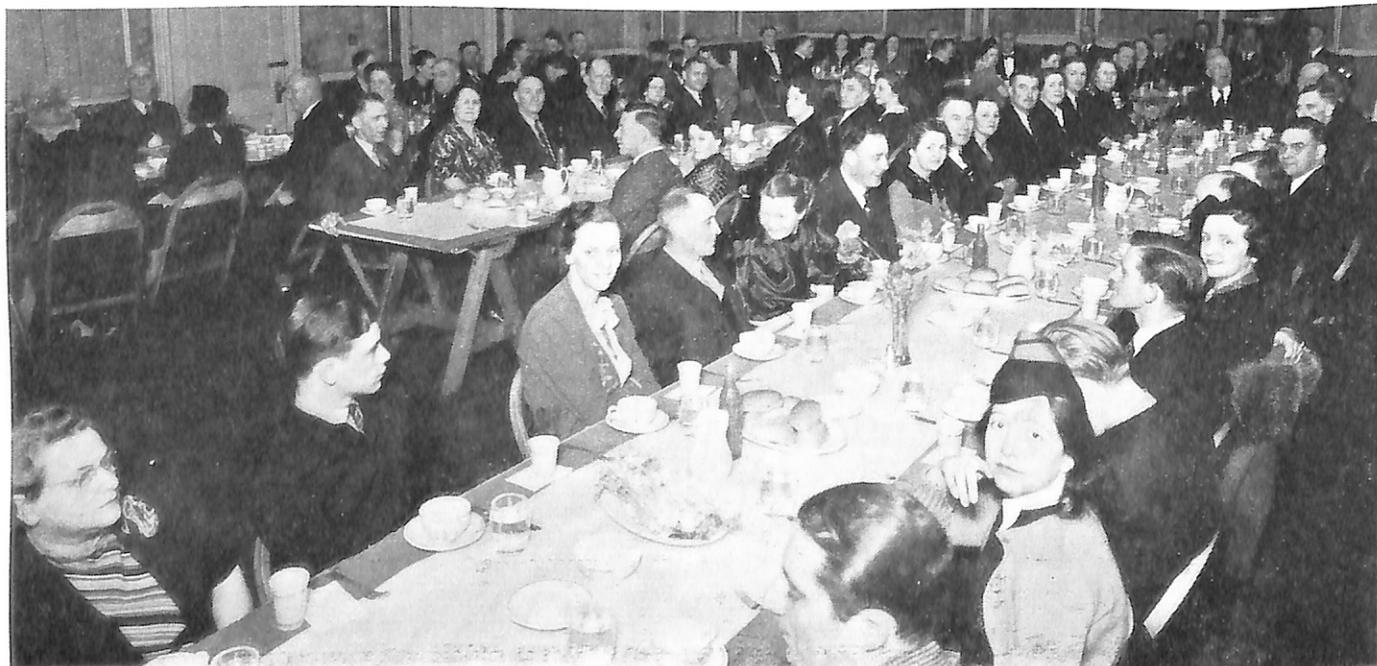
Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, held its annual Past Exalted Rulers Night on its first regular meeting night in February. The regular officers vacated their various stations in favor of Past Exalted Rulers who came back to conduct the session and initiate a class of candidates. The



outstanding and unusual feature of the meeting was the fact that it had been 20 years since any one of them had served as Exalted Ruler of the lodge. The veterans were acclaimed by the 400 Elks present for the dignity and perfection with which they handled the business session and performed the ritualistic work. All attested to the fact that they had

Above is a picture of the Past Exalted Rulers of Kankakee, Ill., Lodge photographed in the lodge home.

Below is shown a group of Provo, Utah, Lodge's most active Elks, photographed with their ladies at a banquet given by the Lodge to commemorate the seventieth birthday of the Order.





Above: Distinguished Michigan Elks who were present at the institution of Midland, Mich., Lodge.

Below are members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge at Old Timers' and P.E.R.'s Night, at which time 11 candidates were initiated. All the members have belonged to Appleton Lodge for 25 years or more.

been given a finer conception of the Order as a result of the lessons brought out by these older officers.

Capt. A. C. Duddleston presided as Exalted Ruler. He was the first Exalted Ruler elected by Terre Haute Lodge, serving in 1892-1924. He is 78 years of age. During his 45 years of membership he has been continuously active in the administration of lodge affairs with the ex-

Left: The Past Exalted Rulers of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge who were present at their annual meeting on P.E.R.'s Night.

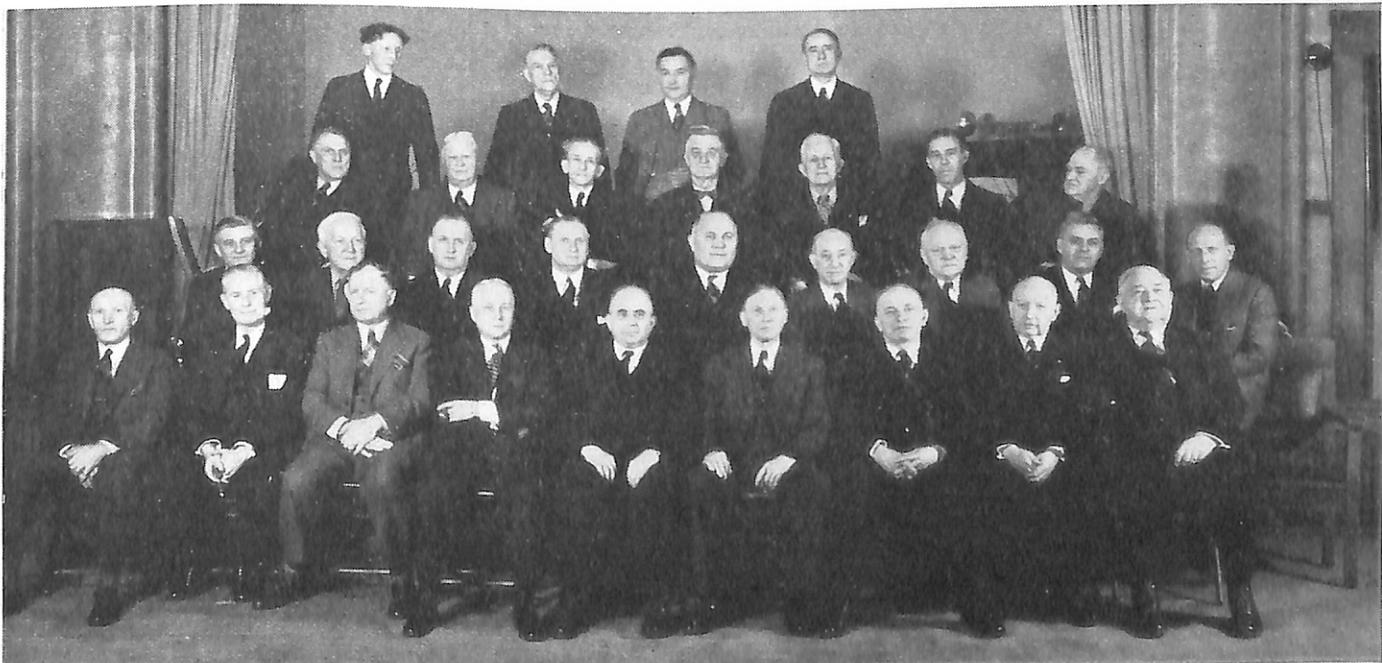
ception of the time he spent overseas in active service as a Major with the American Expeditionary Forces. The other stations were occupied by P.E.R.'s William E. Hendrich, George A. Schaal, Ora D. Davis, Fred Schaal, C. E. Marlar, Robert F. Nitsche, H. W. Conrad, James M. Propst, Homer L. Williams and John M. Fitzgerald. A buffet luncheon was served in the recreation rooms after the meeting.

Home of Tampa, Fla., Lodge Scene of Two Special Events

Past Exalted Rulers of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, were honored recently at a regular lodge session and E.R. Ernest Maas, Jr., and several of his officers vacated their stations to permit former Exalted Rulers to officiate again. P.E.R. J. L. Reed, Sr., a Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., conducted the meeting, assisted by P.E.R.'s Walter H. Campbell, Harry M. Hunt and Dan P. Galvin. Mr. Reed told of some of his experiences in office, and the Rev. Joseph Bergs of Chicago, an eloquent speaker and world traveler, gave an interesting talk.

Another special event taking place in the home of Tampa Lodge was the dance sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary unit of the Harry-Anna Circle for the benefit of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla. During the evening Jack Dempsey, former world heavyweight boxing champion, who is a member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, attended the dance and was given an enthusiastic welcome.

(Continued on page 55)





Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Hart inspecting the Elks Good Health Clinic when he visited Freeport, N. Y., Lodge.

an escort of police and Portland Elks. The party was entertained at a noon dinner in the Eastland Hotel. That night the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a reception and banquet given by Portland Lodge in the Elks home. Members of the Order from all over the State and public officials headed by Gov. Lewis D. Barrows of Augusta, Me., Lodge, and Ex-Gov. Louis J. Brann, of Lewiston, Me., Lodge, were present.

The meeting brought to a climax a week of ceremonies in which the 70th birthday of the Order and the 28th anniversary of the founding of the Maine State Elks Association were celebrated. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, Portland, a Past State Pres. and present Trustee, was Honorary Chairman. Dana S. Williams, Lewiston, acted as Toastmaster. Major Hart made the principal address and also presented the Gannett Publishing Company trophy to Lewiston Lodge, winner of the State Ritualistic Contest. The competitions had been held in the lodge room of Portland Lodge on February 18-19, with Lewiston, Sanford, Portland, Biddeford-Saco and Bath Lodges participating. Among the other speakers at the banquet were State Pres. John P. Carey of Bath Lodge, D.D. Ralph C. Ketchen, of Old Town, and State Vice-Pres. Arthur J. Lesieur, Biddeford-Saco.

IN an interview conducted by E.R. David W. Morgan over Station WHKC, on February 24, Major Hart gave a splendid address on traffic violation and ticket fixing. This was during his visit to Colum-

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

THREE hundred and fifty local Elks and guests from all parts of the State were present in Portsmouth, N. H., on Friday night, February 18, for the testimonial dinner-dance given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart at the Hotel Rockingham. This was the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit to New Hampshire. P.E.R. Charles T. Durell was Toastmaster. The highlight of the speaking program was the stirring address delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Hart. Other

fine talks were given by E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum; John F. Burke, Boston, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; John A. McInerney, Secy. of Rochester Lodge and Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn.; D.D. George Y. Emerson, Rochester; E.R. Henry Demarais, Portsmouth Lodge, and ex-Mayor Charles M. Dale.

Accompanied by Mr. Burke, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was escorted to Portland, Me., the next morning by E.R. Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., and

Below: Major Hart is greeted by members of Homestead, Pa., Lodge when he paid them a visit.



Right: The speakers' table at the 61st Anniversary Dinner of Louisville, Ky., Lodge. Major Hart was one of the principal speakers.

bus, O., as the welcome and honored guest of Columbus Lodge No. 37. Several hundred representatives of Ohio Lodges greeted him upon his arrival, and the social and fraternal activities in which he participated during his stay were many and varied. A dinner was given by the lodge, and the initiation of a large class was held during the evening meeting. The championship Columbus Elks Band gave a concert at the lodge home at 7 P.M. The lodge's famous Elks Chorus sang during the broadcast.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Hart on February 26, the evening of its 61st birthday celebration. Major Hart had spent the afternoon in a conference with officers of the Kentucky State Elks Association and of the local lodge. He was the honored guest and speaker at the anniversary dinner and dance held in the Crystal Room of the Brown Hotel. More than 200 members, their ladies and guests were present. P.E.R. Arnold Westermann, Grand Tiler, who acted as Toastmaster, was introduced by E.R. Edwin F. Franz, State Pres. William Sellmeyer, of Covington Lodge, and Dr. John B. Floyd, Chairman of the Tuberculosis Committee of the State Association, also spoke. This was Louisville Lodge's outstanding social affair of the season's activities.

On March 2, the members of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, were joined by 400 leading Elks, representing every section of the State, when they celebrated what they agreed was one of the most auspicious events in their lodge's history.

Below: Members of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge and Major Hart at a banquet celebrating the 44th Anniversary of the Lodge.



—the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mayor John G. Meister presented Major Hart with the key to the city and on behalf of the Weehawken membership, P.E.R. Mark J. Vignati presented him with a handsome traveling bag. E.R. Emil J. Decker voiced the appreciation of the lodge for the privilege of receiving and entertaining him. Among the other speakers were Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Newark; Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. John C. Wegner, Pater-

Above: Troop D, New York State Police Degree Team of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge photographed with Major Hart and State President Stephen McGrath on the occasion of President McGrath's homecoming visit.

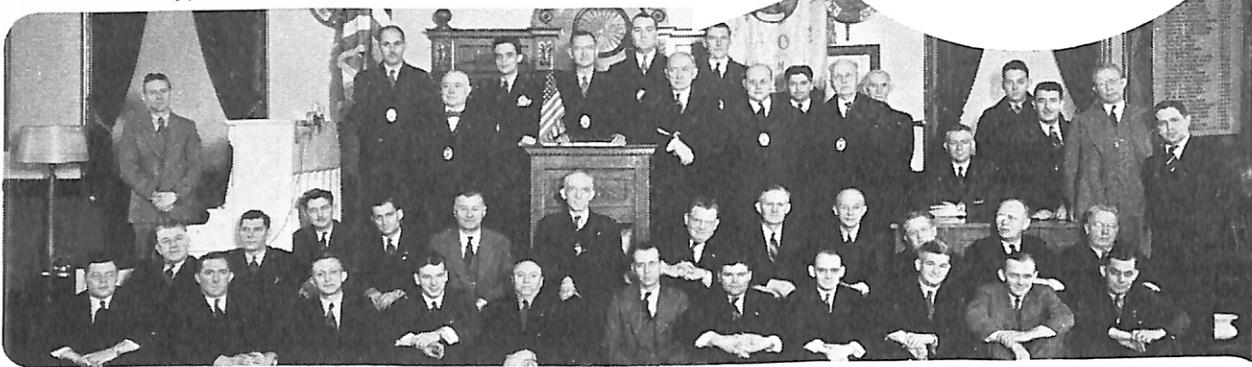
son; State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon, E.R. of Elizabeth Lodge; State Vice-Pres. James A. Breslin, Lyndhurst; Past State Pres. Arthur Scheffler, Hoboken, and James R. Erwin, Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Hudson. (Continued on page 54)



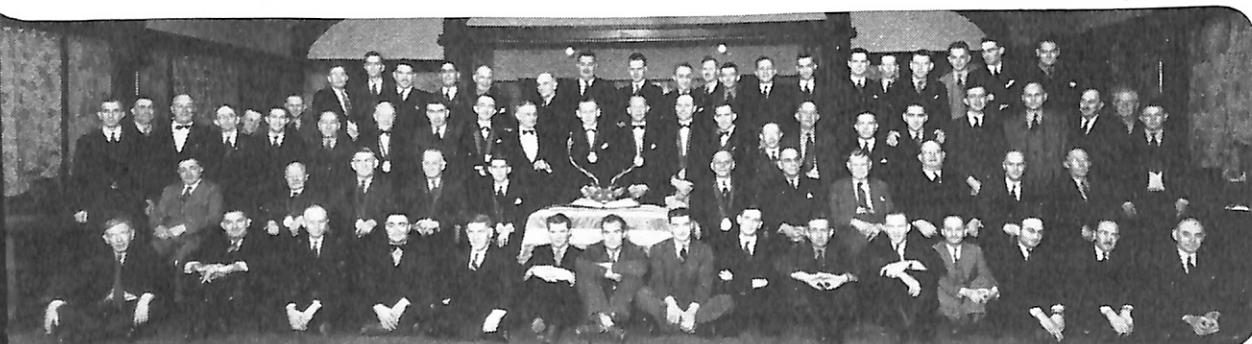


Some of the Classes
Initiated by Lodges
to Celebrate the
70th Birthday
of the Order

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge



Marion, Ind., Lodge



Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge



Eugene, Ore., Lodge



Meadville, Pa., Lodge



Springfield, Mass., Lodge



Joplin, Mo., Lodge

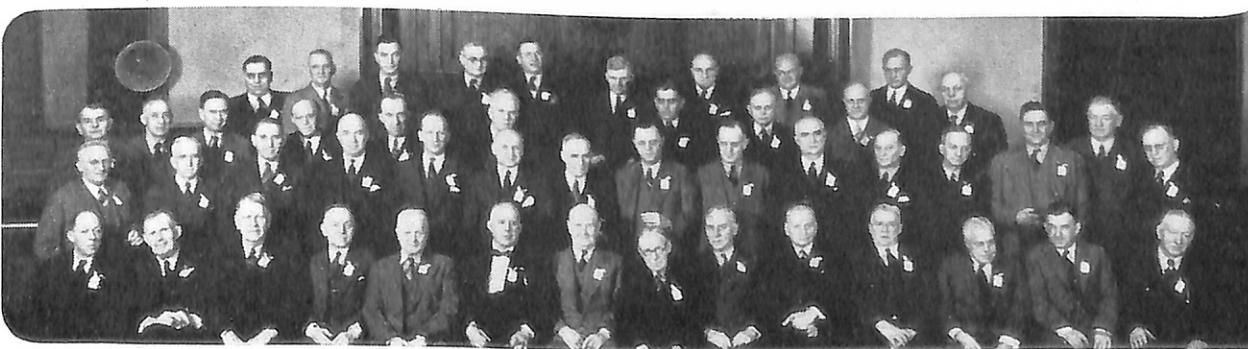
Williston, N. D., Lodge



Lincoln, Neb., Lodge



Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge



Keokuk, Ia., Lodge

Pea-ball Lullabye

(Continued from page 7)

these stems have been rounded into tear-drop shapes. Many people here have heard the defendant boast of the way he shapes his bullet stems. Your Honor, the man who made these bullets—and fired them—may not be a scientist, but he's practical enough to experiment and learn by experimentation the greater speed and accuracy to be had when the stems are treated in this manner. Your Honor, there are no other bullets on earth like them."

Old Judge leaned forward, chewing his tobacco lazy. "I don't know's the Court," he said, "has anything to say about how Counsel uses his hands, or what he has in them—so long's he don't lay them on the defendant. Objection overruled."

DUSTY'S hand waved off in another swirl, and he droned, "Mister Caslin, you say you never killed a man?"

"That's right," Luke said.

"Then you're not much of a rifle shot—are you?" Dusty said.

A big, muddy, black-sand miner let out a snicker. The idea of Luke, Old Jupe's trigger man, not being much of a shot and having to admit it publicly, with the kind of a reputation Luke has, and him so proud of his shooting and killing—yes sir, it was too much. Why, once, right here on the main street of Nugget each, I saw Luke cut the stem off a cob pipe an inch from the teeth of a spreeing lumberjack a good ninety feet off—did it with a kind of careless swing of a Winchester 30-30 to his shoulder, and that kind of a gun's a sprinkling can compared with the muzzle-loaders the old timers carried when I was a kid, and the kind Luke has hid off somewhere. Telling Mister Luke Caslin he's not much of a shot's a good bit like telling an old Kentucky colonel he has nigger blood in his veins, or Mae West that she has no curves. The whole courtroom snickered with the black-sand miner.

"I object!" Old Jupe bellowed again, like he owned the court and was going to get out of it what he

put his money in for. "Your Honor, I object! I don't see why whether or not the defendant is much of a shot has anything to do with this case. I object, on the ground that the question is irrelevant, immaterial and highly prejudicial."

Judge Hartshorn took off his steel-rim specs and wiped them. He put them on the end of his nose and kind of peered over them at Old Jupe.

"Pears to me," he said, hesitating so's to be judicial, "that whether the witness is much of a shot does have something to do with this case. You know, Jupe, Kipe's hair was jet black and straight, but under where his hat set on the back of his head there was a white birth-mark about the size of a dime. It wasn't so big, Jupe, but you could see it a long way off. The bullet that killed Kipe went right through the center of that spot. . . . Objection overruled!"

Dusty asked the question again.

Old Jupe let out a snarl to let the hill-billies know that what Old Judge'd said didn't mean a thing to him.

Old Judge rapped his gavel and

called for order in the court, with a side-wise squint of his eyes at Old Jupe that meant he was going to get it and keep on having it.

"Let the witness answer the question!" he said.

"I reckon I can shoot some," Luke grumbled back.

The courtroom was plenty quiet. Dusty said, "Mister Caslin, you come from the Blue Ridge of Kentucky?"

Luke kind of stuck out his chest a little. "Yes sir, I do," he said.

"They have good rifle shots back there, don't they?" Dusty said, respectful like.

"They sure do," Luke said, and he beamed when he said it.

Old Jupe let out another roar of objection. Old Judge overruled him. I could see, by the way Luke loosened up, that he was feeling sorry for Dusty on account of Dusty being so dumb. And with Old Jupe gnashing his teeth, Dusty led Luke into telling how they train them to shoot back in the Blue Ridge, how they'll give a kid—say, ten pea-ball bullets—and send him out for gray squirrels, and if he comes home with less squirrels than the bullets he's shot, why, according to Luke, he gets hell booted out of him and his britches tanned till he's black and blue.

"You can't miss a shot and live in the Blue Ridge, even if you ain't no more'n a kid," Luke plastered it on for good measure.

"Quite right. Quite right. Mister Caslin," Dusty agreed. "Now Mr. Caslin, did you ever see them nail two slats across a crate—one just big enough to hold a guinea's neck so he couldn't get his head out, but could still keep it working back and forth?"

"Yep." Luke said, "I have."

"What was that for, Luke?"

"A mark at a shootin' match, Dusty."

"That's a pretty hard mark at ninety feet, Mister Caslin," Dusty eased him along.

Sitting there in front of the other hill-billies and telling what he knew about shooting and getting called "Mister Caslin," sure warmed Luke up.



"A couple miners just went by and they were short a shovel!"

He'd been tried for murder so often he took it for granted he'd get loose again, and Dusty looked more simple and harmless than ever before.

"That's a dam' hard mark," Luke grunted, almost friendly. "A guinea keeps his head a-goin', Dusty."

Dusty scratched his head, acting like he couldn't believe it. "But, Mister Caslin," he said, "if most of the boys in the Blue Ridge were trained to shoot like you say—could they hit a mark like that very often—that is, with a muzzle-loading, long-bore, hair-trigger, pea-ball rifle?"

"They sure could, Dusty—every shot!"

"But could you, Mister Caslin?" Dusty's question hit into things like a bolt of lightning.

Luke caught himself and sat stiff. Old Jupe was shaking his head every way and making signs for Luke to keep his mouth shut.

"But could you, Mister Caslin?" Dusty asked it again, like a humming bird frisking around in a clump of sweet peas.

You should of heard Old Jupe boom up, and shake the building with his objections, and call Dusty a blithering idiot. Dusty went right on rolling the pea-ball bullets in his palm. Luke took to squirming on his chair. Old Judge said he could answer the question.

Luke's hands tightened on his knees and the old rattle glint came back in his eyes.

Like he didn't much care, other than to hold up Luke's shooting reputation among the hill-billies, Dusty said, "Now, surely, Mister Caslin, you're not going to sit there, and, by your silence, imply to this Court—and to your friends and neighbors here—that any boy in the Blue Ridge could shoot a muzzle-loading, long-bore, hair-trigger, pea-ball rifle better than you could—?"

"Nope, by God, I'm not!" Luke blurted the words out—couldn't keep them in. "Wa'n't nobody in the Blue Ridge could shoot a muzzle-loadin', long-bore, hair-trigger, pea-ball rifle better'n me!"

OLD Jupe bounced up, purple in the face. He cussed Luke out for a lousy, tarel ass, and something in Luke's little, flinty, razor-edge eyes told me that he wanted to cut Old Jupe's heart out. I saw a cinnamon bear cavorting once after he'd got a charge of buckshot in his hind parts. That's the way Old Jupe was, charging over and shaking his fist under Dusty's nose, so choked up he could not say another word. It took the sheriff and a couple of deputies to rassle him back to his chair. Dusty went on rolling the pea-ball bullets in his palm like he was taking a

stroll among the daisies.

Dusty asked a string of little, crazy, lazy questions that called for no more than a "yep"—and Luke got into a kind of automatic way of answering them and thinking Dusty was his only friend, especially after Old Jupe called him a lousy, tarel ass. Old Jupe still boomed out objections, but you hardly noticed them; they just sort of melted into



"It's the best nerve-tonic made—I was brought up on it!"

the general monotony that seemed to come swirling out of the palm of Dusty's hand. Yes sir, that Dusty sure is dry. Yes sir, we named him right.

It was getting along toward evening. Old Judge's chin settled on his chest. Three of the jury were dozing off and coming to in fits and starts. Luke yawned out another "Yep" and stretched himself.

The two pea-ball bullets kept rolling in Dusty's palm. "Mister Caslin," he said, "you remember that white birth-mark on the back of Kipe's head?"

"Yep," Luke said.

"Now, the evening of April third, Mister Caslin," Dusty said, like the rustle of storm wind in a pile of dead leaves, "Kipe was walking up the Old Baldy trail. It was about dusk. The tracks there showed that Kipe got the bullet from a point about a hundred feet off. With Kipe walking his normal pace, Mister Caslin, do you think you could have hit that birth-mark?"

THE jury hunched forward. Old Jupe tottered to his feet, face like ashes. Luke licked his lips.

Just as dry as ever, Dusty said, "No, Mister Caslin, I don't think you could have hit it."

Luke sat frozen in his chair.

Dusty stopped the pea-ball bullets and held them out, not a foot from Luke's face. "Take a look at that one, Mister Caslin," he said. "It went through the center of that white spot on the back of Kipe Taft's head. . . . Look at it, Mister Caslin."

Luke was staring now.

Dusty touched the other bullet with a kind of lazy flick of his finger and pointed out how the stems of them were shaped just alike.

"Mister Caslin," he said, "take a look at *this* one—a good look. They came out of the same rifle. That one was taken from Kipe's head at the inquest—and this one, Mister Caslin, was taken from his heel at the same time. . . . The man that shot Kipe aimed at that white spot and hit him in the heel—at a hundred feet, Mister Caslin. . . . That's the kind of a rifle shot he was, Mister Caslin—"

Never saw anything like it. There was Luke in front of all the hill-billies who knew he'd shot Kipe—friends and neighbors who thought he couldn't miss, and would spend the rest of their days thinking that, at a hundred feet, he, Mr. Luke Caslin, had aimed at a man's head and hit him in the heel. Luke went white. He kind of lifted himself out of his chair, and his voice shook, "Dusty, that's a Goddam' lie! I just used one bullet—just one! Never in my life needed more'n one. I—I."

Yes sir, I can hear Luke's confession tumbling from his lips yet—murder, his connection with Old Jupe, the whole rotten mess. I can see Old Jupe white and shaking and trying to fog it up with objections, and screeching them out. I can see Old Judge hushing him up. I can see the sheriff and his deputies clamping the irons on him and Luke and hustling them back to the cells.

WHEN it was over, I kind of eased over to Dusty. "Dusty," I said, "where'n hell'd you get that other bullet?"

Just as dry and dumb looking as ever, he blinked his eyes lazy and droned, "I don't mind telling you, Sam. It came out of my father's head, back in the Blue Ridge when I was a boy. I've carried it a good many years. I read about those mysterious pea-ball bullet murders in the papers. I took an indefinite vacation from my civil practice in New York and came out here to rather look around. It occurred to me that I might find a bullet with a stem on it to match the stem on the one I spoke of. I did. That's about all there is to it, Sam. That's about all."

Break Out the Duck

(Continued from page 11)

up on the wind-swept ramp in front of the hangar. These planes used for off-shore rescue work are known as Douglas Dolphins. Although not ideal for the purpose, the amphibians, familiarly known as "ducks", are the best available, considering the meager appropriations for Coast Guard equipment. Two powerful engines are mounted high over the wing as far from the water as possible. They are further protected from the sea by specially shielded magneto housings, spark plugs and carburetor air intakes.

Accompanied by a volunteer co-pilot and radio operator, Lieutenant Burke took off from Gloucester harbor and headed out to sea, guided by the radio direction finder. After bucking a head wind for nearly two hours, they spotted the trawler. She was rolling to the scuppers. Sea poured from the decks after each plunge. An endless procession of long, gray combers swept relentlessly before the northeast gale. Burke circled the trawler several times, speculating whether he could get away with a landing in that sea. The big amphibian was maneuvered to a position down wind from the vessel, and started gliding down for a landing. The lower the ship came to the surface the more forbidding the waves looked to the pilot. Was this suicide or damned foolishness? Instinctively his hand tightened on the throttles. It was not too late to realize the impossibility of this type of flying—but instead of "giving her the gun" and going back home, the pilot thought of the unfortunate fisherman lying in his bunk aboard the trawler, dying of blood poisoning.

He nursed the amphibian over several crests, losing every possible knot of flying speed. The V bottom flickered a wave and the heavy airplane was hurled into the air like a skipped stone. The engine roared out a short burst of power and a second later the ship dropped into the succeeding trough. A tremendous shock shook the light metal hull as it struck a wall of water at some forty miles an hour. Spray crashed against the cabin windows. The cabin became suddenly dark, as daylight was obscured by a solid mass of green water. The control wheel was wrenched viciously from the pilot's hands and was banged back against his chest. A comber had swept over

the entire ship and lashed the tail surfaces, dashing hundreds of pounds of water against the fragile elevator and rudder control surfaces. A moment later the airplane shook itself clear and floated like a duck.

The pilot reached up to open the hatch.

"Boy, oh, boy, don't you wish we had a couple of those congressmen on the appropriations committee aboard during that landing?" he re-

propellers shuddered violently, shaking the whole plane as their tips picked up sprays and lashed the sea water aft in a tornado of sound and mist. The shocks became faster—more severe every second. The ship was almost in the air, bouncing heavily from wave to wave, when an ominous roller loomed up ahead. With all his strength Burke hopped back on the control wheel to lift the bow over this granddaddy of them all, but the ship shuddered and plunged headlong into the sea. This time it went so deep that streams of water squirted from minute leaks in the glass mountings of the cabin windows. It was completely dark. The roaring propellers were slowed down and suddenly stopped dead by the weight of solid water.

After this experience, Lieutenant Burke decided that a take-off under such conditions was quite impossible. Starting the engines again, he taxied over to the trawler and shouted to the captain to pump fuel oil over the side and then get his vessel out of the way. A few minutes later a long, glossy slick of iridescent oil undulated on the surface of the ocean in a narrow lane to windward. Again the amphibian plunged and pounded over the swells until it finally sluggishly hurled itself into the air and headed toward the coast. Two hours later the patient

was on an operating table in a Boston hospital. Two months later he was back on the fishing banks.

Coast Guard aviators sometimes render aid entirely apart from the usual marine rescue work. A sixteen-year-old boy on Ocracoke Island, North Carolina, was chopping wood. Suddenly the axe slipped and buried itself deep in the boy's leg. His screams of pain gradually weakened as his life blood dripped from the crudely staunched wound.

Ocracoke Island is remotely located in the low-lying swamps which extend for hundreds of miles along an inland water west of Pamlico Sound. Hours later the first call for help came from the distressed parents in that swampland community. The desperate father had rowed to the mainland, borrowed a horse, galloped to the nearest telephone and called the closest hospital. The patient was in an almost inaccessible spot and apparently nothing could be done. Someone suggested the Coast



"This is about as late as I've ever been up."

marked to his co-pilot. "Maybe they'd understand why we keep holding for special airplanes for this work instead of the smooth-water arks we're using."

Aboard the trawler, the crew were lashing a coffin-like box to the thwarts of a lifeboat. This was laboriously lowered over the side and rowed over to the airplane. The fishermen had no understanding of the relative fragility of an airplane structure and repeatedly banged the heavy lifeboat against the hull and wings of the tossing amphibian. After a half hour of heart-breaking effort, the inert patient was dragged limply through the cabin hatch. The unconscious man was lashed to the floor while the pilot started the engines.

When all the hatches were secured, Burke opened the throttles and drove the ship into the sea, porpoising up and down over the waves as it gathered speed. Every few seconds the entire cabin was submerged. The

Guard, but investigations revealed that no patrol boats were near.

Although the Cape May Coast Guard Station had nothing to do with the case the drama taking place in the Carolina swamps was picked up by the alert radio operator. The intercepted message was delivered to Lieutenant Burke who was the commanding officer of the Cape May Station. To satisfy his curiosity the skipper pulled out a chart to locate Ocracoke Island. It was an isolated spot far from open water. The area for miles around was dotted by small islands and mud flats. Lieutenant Burke walked out of his office and looked at the weather. A slow drizzle was setting in from the southeast. It was four-thirty in the afternoon which in October meant about an hour more of daylight. Ocracoke Island was over two hours away. That would mean a landing after dark in unknown water, no obstruction lights and no radio signal on which to operate the direction finder. In addition to these natural disadvantages, the ceiling was steadily lowering. With bad weather setting in from the south, the chances were that the visibility in Carolina swamplands would be very poor.

If this were an SOS, or even an NCU addressed to the Cape May Station the case would be different, but this message had been picked up purely by chance. It was none of Cape May's business. Dick Burke returned to his desk but could not help thinking of the lad dying down there in the swamps for lack of medical aid. He glanced from the window, across to his own cozy quarters where his wife was probably getting supper for his own child.

"What the hell—Coast Guards are supposed to save lives and here's a chance to save one," Burke said half aloud, jumping to his feet and seizing the telephone to the hangars.

"Get out number four. We're leaving as soon as you get her warmed up. Ask McCormick and Hersh if they want to volunteer for a hazardous flight not in line of duty."

"Aye, aye, sir," snapped the voice on the other end of the line as he hung up the receiver and shouted the orders.

"Break out the duck, sailors, the skipper's going on a rescue." Back in the captain's office final orders were being given. The co-pilot, Lieutenant Fales, was already plotting the course while Lieutenant Burke called the radio room.

"Sparks get hot on Norfolk and say we're going through to Ocracoke right now. Have them relay word to the yokels to have the patient ready."

When the first flush of action subsided Burke

cursed himself for a fool. Where was his responsibility as a Coast Guard officer? He was deliberately going to risk a \$40,000 government airplane and three other men, on the mere chance that he could make a blind landing at night and get away with it—could get his patient aboard and take off to get him to a hospital before he died. The telephone interrupted his reverie.

"You know, Fales, I believe that gang would volunteer to fly with us on a round trip through the Holland Tunnel, if we asked them to."

Once in the familiar cockpit with its clean smell of dope and gasoline, he felt at home again. Co-pilot Fales sat beside him. In the cabin, McCormick, the non-commissioned radio operator calmly tuned in his receivers and checked with the home station. Hersh was closing the cabin hatch. Before the pilots a maze of instruments glowed cheerfully in the semi-darkness. Successively, the two engines were tested at full throttle. Purple flame from the exhaust stacks momentarily added a flash of color to the dismal fall twilight. A moment later the big ship was racing down the runway, and lifted easily—headed on a southerly course. From now on there was no time for emotional reminiscences. An engineer of the air was operating a precision tool. The problem was to land the Douglas at a point some two hundred and forty miles away, in the unlighted swamps of North Carolina, as near as possible to the pin point on the chart, labeled Ocracoke Island.

The airline led ninety miles off the coast across a hundred and seventy-five miles of open water. If the course was good they should intercept the shoreline of North Carolina at Kitty Hawk, where the Wright Brothers made their first flights. A monument surmounted by a beacon light marks the exact spot where

Wilbur Wright took off. This was the target at which Lieutenant Burke aimed his ship that drizzly October evening. Flying on through the murk and checking his position by taking radio bearings, the pilots drove their ship southward.

Darkness closed in. As the minute approached when a land fall should be made at Kitty Hawk the swinging shaft of light from the Wright memorial monument flashed through the low-hanging clouds directly ahead. Half an hour later the big Douglas was circling over the spot calculated to be near Ocracoke Island. A few feeble gleams from kerosene lanterns were the only evidences of life on the ground. For miles around there was no other light. Pilot Burke dropped a water flare and came in for the landing with his fingers crossed.

The amphibian skimmed over the dark water of a lagoon and touched lightly. The plane was slowing up nicely when without warning the men were thrown against their belts, and it nosed violently to a sudden stop. They had hit a mud flat. At least they had landed without wrecking the plane.

Lieutenant Burke pushed open the hatch and switched off the engines. The silence was broken by the sound of oars splashing and working in row locks in the direction of a light.

"Hey, you in the boat," Burke called, standing up in the cockpit with his shoulders out of the hatch, "is this Ocracoke?"

A drawling voice called back from the boat, "If you-all's the Coast Guard, we's got your patient right here."

Ocracoke on the button! This is a piece of precision flying that has rarely been equaled. A few minutes later a dozen rowboats and men in hip boots were crowding about the stranded plane.

"Come on, all you fellows," shouted Burke. "Get a hold on the hull and push this ark off into deep water when I start the engines." After much shouting and rocking of wings, accompanied by ear-shattering crescendos of sound as the engines were alternately opened up full, the heavy plane slid, ducklike, into the water, where the anchor was dropped and the engines cut.

"Okay, boys. Bring the patient alongside," shouted Burke. From a group of huddled forms, a sobbing woman among them, the limp figure of the boy was passed up from the large scow to the Coast Guardsmen standing by the cabin hatch. An unwieldy bandage, soggy with blood, encumbered his leg. Carefully he was lifted through the after hatchway and



"No! I don't care if you smoke—I wouldn't care if you burned to a crisp!"

strapped to the floor between the seats.

The next problem was to take off down an unlighted channel, bordered by mud flats and floating buoys made of boiler plate. Burke stood up and harangued the local people. "Listen, you fellows, I've got to get this airplane going sixty-five miles an hour before it will fly. If I hit one of those unlighted buoys before we get off, you will have five dead men on your hands instead of one injured kid. How about it now? Where is the channel and where are those buoys?"

The natives went into a conference but could reach no agreement. In exasperation, Burke listened to the futile arguing from the rowboats and the moans of the unconscious boy in the cabin. To save time he took matters in his own hands.

"Here, you in the nearest skiff!"

he called. "Row out there to the left about two hundred yards with this flashlight. Make sure that all is clear and tie up to the first buoy you come to. When you have tied up swing the light in a circle—like this." The officer rotated the lighted flashlight in a slow circle at arm's length, and then passed the light to one of the men in the boat. As the first rowboat splashed off into the darkness, Burke designated another boat to follow the same procedure on the right-hand side of the channel.

Ten minutes later, both rowboat parties were signaling that they had tied up to the first unlighted buoys on either side of the channel. A moment later the rescue plane roared down the channel. A second after passing the first rowboat the pilot thought he saw something dead ahead. Just for luck, he lifted the wing in a skidded turn. An eight-

foot, metal nun-buoy flickered by. It had been completely overlooked by the local advisors!

Forty minutes later, the amphibian glided to a landing in Norfolk harbor, where a Navy motorboat, ordered by the plane's radio, was standing by, ready to take off the patient. The operating room staff was waiting—blood donors sat ready in the anteroom. The boy recovered.

Lieutenant Richard Burke is only one of the many Coast Guard aviators who guard our shorelines on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The same spirit of teamwork and self-sacrifice prevails in all branches of the Coast Guard. They never receive thanks for their heroic rescues and never expect it. They find great satisfaction in their humanitarian work, and secretly, nothing pleases them more than to hear their skipper order, "Break out the duck!"



Oscar Uses His Head

(Continued from page 15)

He takes it so hard I begin to worry about him. It isn't that the club can't afford to pay this Smith accident a hundred G's, because they can—particularly if they win the pennant—but it's that Jim takes a pride in his job and fancies himself carrying a heavy load of brains, and this Smith mess carries a message in neon lights that his I.Q. is lower than a valley fog.

The first thing we do is check up with the man in white at the hospital where we find the kid clean and cheerful. Dumb, though. He doesn't seem to tumble to the fact that he is holding a royal flush, to say nothing of a reserve wild card in the shape of a busted foot.

From the doc we find that while the kid isn't hurt bad and will be around in ten days or so, he isn't—according to the medico—going to play ball for at least a month. Jim, not being a guy for details, declines an offer to look at the X-ray pictures, and we get out into the fresh air which Jim needs. We sink down on the running board of Jim's crate and from the huddle comes heavy responsibility for yours truly.

"This was your baby from the beginning," Jim says, "so you had better finish it. I got my mind full of other things, among which is a pennant, which a couple of days ago seemed kind of important. So your job is to figure some way out of this predicament."

"But look," I says, trying to think, "you're just one game to the good in this pennant scramble. Supposin' I do get Oscar back into the line-up. He's got to bat twice to do any good, and that might take three innings. Just what do you think he might do

to a ball game in three innings?"

Jim takes a big ponder over that one. It comes clear this might wind up a choice between the pennant and getting in the free and easy on Oscar's contract, and I can see the wrinkles deepening on Jim's forehead. He gets up and we climb into the car.

"You get the guy into a baseball suit," he says as we pull out. "I'll take over from there. You get him out on crutches or in a wheel chair. He's goin' to bat if I have to set him on a stool."

Jim has three weeks in which to eat his cake and have it, too, while I am delegated the job of doing something which the doc, who ought to know, says can't be done. I begin to feel my years.

Like the doc said, Oscar was on his feet in about ten days, but he hobbled bad and it's a cinch we are heading for a photo finish, with me not taking any bets. Meanwhile, the Seraphs are doing okay.

With ten games left they were three games to the good and things looked all milk and honey. That is, all except Oscar. With the days and games slipping by, Jim has a hunted look as he yammers at me for action. Then with seven games remaining, Jim and the gang go up-state for the final series with the Bluesox, leaving me behind to say prayers over the kid, who is improving, but not fast enough. I get an idea then.

I get hold of old Doc Trask, who has done work for us before and who is a sort of carpenter doctor, and I explain part of the situation, pointing out that money is no object in the way of any ideas he may have about getting one Oscar Smith so he

can stand on his gams unaided.

For one hundred bucks he agrees to make a trick brace which he thinks will make a new colt out of our Southern gentleman, so I okay's it and telephones Jim we'll be there on the third day, which allows two days for Trask to get his gadget made.

When the doc slips the thing on and pulls up the cinches Oscar is practically as good as new. One look is enough for me, so I hands Trask his century note and the kid and I grab a rattler heading up-state for the last act.

We arrive at a time of great strain. The Bluesox, it seems, have done it again. They haven't won a pennant since the days of the bustle, but never a season passes without they cause more trouble than a hoop skirt in a gale, and when we arrive the gang has just dropped a heart breaker, while the Orioles, playing the weak Southern Ravens, are winning in a breeze.

So our lead is now two games and the next day another goes up the spout. Ed Toomey kicked one at third in the seventh, a Bluesox runner scores on the error, and we are but one game ahead of the Orioles and needing a win in the one game remaining to put a buckle on the pennant.

"You should have put Oscar in today," I says to Jim at dinner. "Lisin' the game anyway it wouldn't have made any difference what he did to the ball game."

Jim snarls at me.

"I got a special knife for cuttin' the hearts out o' second guessers. Sure, I should have had him in there today, but maybe it won't fracture

your granite to realize I was expectin' a win today which would have left me a free hand to deal with this Frankenstein o' yours tomorrow. As it is . . ."

Jim didn't finish. He just looked sad.

"Do you mean to tell me," I says, "you're goin' to play this bat boy tomorrow?"

"I dunno," he answers. "I dunno." And the way he says it makes me think he's crackin', so I change the subject by ordering a couple of drinks which Jim laps up readily, and then gets the gang in his room for a little open-hearted recognition of all plums depending on a win tomorrow, and so to bed.

The next day the Bluesox park contains twenty-five thousand customers who wonder if we can recover from the Bluesox jinx, and the game starts with the atmosphere stretched as tight as a kid's balloon, and just as likely to bust wide open.

Buzz O'Connor did a great start for us on the mound. For five innings only two Bluesox get even a piece of his fast one, and when the five frames were done we had four runs and everybody was feeling like it was a deal. All except me.

I knew the clutch was coming when Jim kept looking at Oscar during the fifth. So I wasn't surprised when the gang goes out to start the sixth, to see Oscar ambling out toward center, and I knew that Ted and Pete, playing the other field spots, had instructions to try and cover everything that came the kid's way.

Nothing much happened that inning, though it seemed to me Buzz was a little nervous, thinking about that hole in center-field, but the only clout was a fly to deep left which Ted got under easily, and that was that. And it looked like Jim was getting away with it when Oscar comes up to bat and goes down under three pitched balls without lifting the stick from his shoulder.

Jim has a grin that would fit a slice of watermelon, when that happens. He comes over and slaps me on the back.

"Got him cut in two now," he chortles. "That puts him down to five hundred. Now, one more bat and I'll take you on the biggest bender of your life."

He spoke too soon. Trouble comes in the eighth when with two gone Buzz's nervousness passes two in rotation, then yields a clean single to short right which loads the bags and creates a situation explaining why baseball managers don't live long.

Well, the worst that can happen is for the next blue batter to aim his cannon at center-field, which is exactly what does happen.

Brad Henry, the blue catcher, is the hitter, and Buzz foolishly grooves one down the alley and I can see Brad licking his chops when he swings. You can tell a well-hit ball by the crack it makes, and this one was a low drive to center, and



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being low, neither Ted nor Pete has a chance to get within stabbing range, so the kid has the stage all to himself.

I can hear the air escaping from Jim as he watches developments. He's been mumbling prayers ever since the kid went in, and now he's dying while he watches that ball roar into center while pennants and piles of dough play leap frog in what's left of his mind.

Oscar didn't have to travel far to get under the drive. It was hit almost right at him. He moves up about ten feet and stands there with his hands up as the ball goes through his defense, hits him on the head and caroms off to the right. He rushes after it, gathers it up, and throws it into the stands back of third base while the Bluesox parade troops merrily across the tally board.

No use going into details about the way Jim takes all that. He wasn't human any more. His hunted look has given way to the look of a guy who has been caught.

So with the score tied, the game rocks along without change until the last of the ninth, when the squeeze comes again. Oscar had been up only the once, so he was still fifty thousand on the happy side of the ledger.

The gang got going in that inning and out of four men up three got on,

so it was one out with the bases loaded, and it was Oscar's turn to hit, which left Jim the right to decide which side of the bridge he would jump from.

I knew what he was thinking. He was wondering if he could be lucky enough to send Oscar on in to whiff the final required time, and then send in a pinch hitter to bat in the run needed to grab the pennant. Jim has lots of G—if you know what I mean—but it took all he had to do what he did. He has a look like a guy committing Hari-Kari when he waves the kid in.

The first offering was a strike, right through the center. Comes then one outside, making it one and one. Then one which started wide, but which broke sharp to nip a corner, and it's one and two. Then a high drifter which was too high, and it's two and two. Comes then the pay-off.

The Blue pitcher takes a big wind-up and looses a real smoker, hoping it will be over and that the kid will take it. Oscar did take it. He took it right behind the ear, and he went over like a poled ox, and the game was over and the Seraphs had won the bunting, and also the Seraphs owe one Oscar Smith, late of the top part of Arkansas, a cool fifty thousand potatoes. Just in case you

don't know your baseball, that bean ball gave us a free base, forcing in one run.

While we were totting Oscar to the clubhouse I did a sort of post mortem. Jim had lit his cigar, which meant he was feeling okay. And he had done pretty good, considering the cards he held. He had the pennant, which any sucker knows is worth a quarter of a million, and if this lump we were carrying had blown the game in the eighth, he had also put the thing on ice in the ninth, and fifty G's is not too big a slice of two hundred and fifty.

Oscar came to about ten minutes after we got him stretched out on a rubbing table. He blinked, looked around at the mugs bending over him, finally spots me and asks what happened.

"All is okay, son," I comforts him. "That bean ball you took gave us a base and the base gave us a run and the run gave us the game and game gave us the pennant," I says, nursery rhyme style. "So all is ducky-wucky. That is, all except you. Why didn't you duck?"

He looks at me, indignant.

"Duck?" he counters. "Would you duck fifty thousand dollars? Listen, fella, I'll take 'em on the chin regular for fifty thousand a crack."

And I thought the kid was dumb.

We Was Robbed!

(Continued from page 21)

or blouses, and the condition of uniforms. Incidentally, it is a good plan, when the uniforms of an outfit have buttons with an emblem or wording embossed on them, to make sure the buttons are in a readable position at all times. This is a small matter, but it might mean the difference between winning and losing. It is also surprising how many men will neglect to fasten the buttons of their blouses, but it happens often.

No unit need ever worry about the age of its uniforms, since the manner in which the uniform is presented is what the Judge is interested in. It is possible for a unit to wear a uniform four or five years old, and still carry off the honors. Since all units cannot purchase new regalia every year, your corps may have a few worn uniforms. However, if they are properly darned and presented in a first-class military manner, you may be sure that any Judge will give you as many credits as he would give you if you wore new equipment.

Medals that are worn by individuals will be noted and scored accordingly. In this respect, it might be a good plan for all units to adopt one of two measures—either have each man wear the same medals, or leave them off altogether, except in a case where a man has received a medal for heroism in action. My ad-

vice then would be for that man to wear his medal at all times. I would, nevertheless, discourage the wearing of medals that have no bearing on the organization represented.

Some units are in the habit of wearing gloves, thus chancing a loss since it is necessary that the gloves be either new or freshly laundered before entering a contest. The trousers are the next point of observation, and there are two types: riding breeches with puttees, or long trousers—"slacks", as they are known in the service. If the long trousers are worn you must see to it that they are well pressed and tailored to the correct length. Puttees often cause trouble, for many times there will be one man in an outfit who will have them in reverse. That error will not occur in a unit that has had the proper preliminary inspection by its own officers.

It is always a good idea for every corps to carry with it about six helpers—or as we would say in the Army, "dog robbers"—whose duty it is to see that the unit is in first-class condition before it steps to the starting line.

Next we come to the shoes, always a debatable subject in any contest. Most men think that if the unit wears black shoes, any kind will do, but that is not so. If you will remember that the result of the inspec-

tion is based on the uniformity of your company, you will know why your score sheet shows a loss of four or five points for shoes. It is the policy of all first-class outfits to wear the same kind of shoes, and these are used only when that outfit is in actual competition.

While the Judge will be looking over the uniforms of a unit he will also check on the musical equipment, which in the case of a bugle corps is the side or snare drums, bass drums, cymbals and bugles. In considering the side drums he has carefully noted their condition. One of the most glaring errors in this department is pencil markings on the heads. You will invariably find someone in an outfit who has decorated his drum head with pictures of Popeye, or has written endearing words of some kind in prominent lettering. That practice should be discouraged. Names of the users should never be printed on the heads. If drums must be marked, I suggest that a number be stenciled on the snare head and each one stamped in the same relative position. This will identify the drum to the user and will prevent the loss of points through unnecessary markings.

Always make sure your unit has a new set of drum sticks in each contest. In a battery of eight men the use of one pair of old sticks is

very noticeable and will cause your company a penalty. Also be careful to have all the drums slung at the same angle and in the same manner. A Judge will make allowance for the height and stature of a player.

Bugles are next in line. These instruments offer more chance to lose points on Inspection than anything else. Be sure the bugles are not blown after they have received the final polish, as a certain amount of moisture will always run down the bell of the horns after they are used. These spots detract from the appearance of the instrument. If brass bugles are used, I might caution the unit to polish the bell end as far in as the eye can see, and to remove all marks. It is well to remember that all Judges know dents can be removed from a bugle, so if you happen to have a battered horn in your unit, either have it repaired or replace it with a new one. Pennants and bugle cords, while pleasing to the eye, offer many chances to lose points if they are not new, or at least freshly dry cleaned.

Talking in the ranks is another way to win penalties for your company. Instruct your men not to answer the Inspecting Judge directly if they are addressed by him. They must reply only through the Commanding Officer of their unit. Many times a Judge will draw a man into conversation just to see what his reaction will be, and you will often find some John Q. Gab who will accept the bait and discuss his own abilities at great length. This will be noted and his unit will receive a penalty.

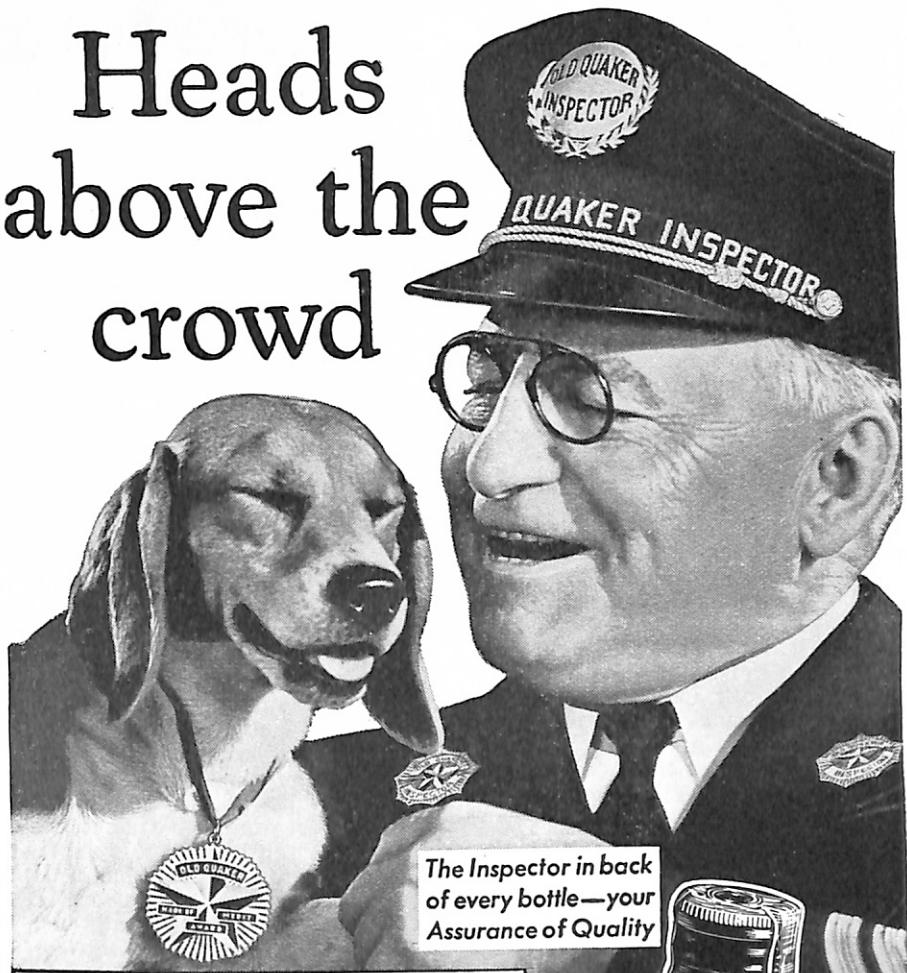
The Inspecting Officer has by this time finished this part of his tour and will now make a march down the rear of the line, noting whether or not the men are in need of haircuts, the general fit of the uniforms across the shoulders and the position of the waist belts. I would suggest that each unit give careful attention to the sizing of the company, as this has to do with the outfit's military appearance.

Inspection is one of the most important items in contest work. A unit well prepared in this department will usually be well prepared in the others.

CADENCE

The responsibility for the result of this part of the contest may be placed on the shoulders of one man, the sergeant drummer, since it is his duty to set the step, or cadence, for his entire unit. The accepted cadence for all field contests is usually from 128 to 132 steps per minute, and as this is the only subject in contest work which can be accurately measured, it depends on each unit to perfect its step so that no points will be unnecessarily lost. Many inexperienced units get what might be called "buck fever" when they first step across the starting line and the tendency will be to hasten the ca-

Heads above the crowd



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HERE'S A DOG that used his head in a time of danger. Two men were trapped in a burning mine... unable to get to the surface. As fire-fighters stood by helpless, this daring dog dashed into the tunnel, and, barking furiously, directed the miners to safety.

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dence. When the penalty is one-tenth of a point for each error, it doesn't take long to lose enough points to keep you out of the running. There is also a change in step that occurs when a unit shifts from street beat, or marching beat, to musical rhythm. Sometimes this change in cadence is made too obviously, thereby meriting a penalty. The only way to overcome this fault is to practice continually. Always remember that you, not the Judges, are responsible for your cadence score, and with proper training you should never lose any part of a point.

MARCHING AND MANEUVERING

This subdivision is often the "bugaboo" of all units. They may make a splendid appearance, play well together, but—can they drill?

I have often been asked, "Do we have to stick exclusively to the Infantry Drill Regulations?" My answer is No, for a Judge will not hold you down to any one particular style of maneuvering, but will judge you on what you do and how you do it. Nearly all outfits have their own peculiar style of drilling and as the units are not service-connected, why make them adhere to Army regulations? So I say that any style, whether it be Infantry, Cavalry or Fraternal, will do as long as it is executed with precision and military bearing.

Drilling is something that takes many hours of hard work to perfect in order that each maneuver be so correct that, to the spectators, the unit moves through its drill like a well-oiled piece of machinery.

In the time allotted a unit on the field almost anything can happen. How many times have you seen a whole section "go hay-wire", or someone knock off his hat or drop a drum stick, a drum or a bugle? Perhaps some member of a unit may faint. What would you do under those conditions? The Judge is just as anxious as you to learn your reactions. My suggestion is that in a case of dropping something, just forget about it and continue marching as though nothing had happened and take your one-tenth of a point penalty. The offender will often ask, "Should I have picked it up?" No, for in most contests the rules provide an additional penalty of one full point for retrieving any lost article. This would make a total loss of one and one-tenth points, which is a lot to give away just because one member of the company didn't stop to think. Also, in recovering the lost object you might cause another rank to stumble over you or swerve out of line. This would incur additional penalties. Therefore, instead of becoming confused if such an accident should occur, keep on marching. A man might look foolish without a hat or a bugle or a pair of drum sticks, but generally the penalty for dropping something will not be enough

to cost the unit the championship.

What would you do if a man fainted? This happened during a contest I was judging in New York State. The unit was well trained. The members of the corps simply left the man where he had fallen and stepped over him. After the company had passed, someone from the side-lines carried him from the field and that outfit, through good, cool thinking, lost only one-tenth of a point and went on to win the contest. This man happened to be in the front rank of the bugle section and behind him were thirty-two other musicians. Therefore it was important that the unit keep in formation.

What will happen if a section consisting of eight men gets lost during one of its maneuvers? How many points will it be penalized? Such an accident can happen in the best companies. However, the question in the mind of the Judge is: what will the men's reaction be? If these men can keep their heads and get back into correct position in an orderly, military manner, the loss will be only eight-tenths of a point. This, while it may seem a large penalty, might not mean losing the contest.

I remember a unit of ex-service men which won a National Championship a few years ago, in spite of the fact that the entire snare drum section missed a maneuver. The section recovered itself in such a military way that the error was not noticed by the Judges.

DRUMMING

In the United States we have several schools of thought about drumming.

One set of thinkers insists that rudimental drumming should be used exclusively in all corps work, while others maintain that the drum music should be written and played to coincide with the bugle score. Of course every drum beat is some particular rudiment, but in many cases it is impossible to find the correct combination of rudiments as they are laid down by the various authorities on drumming. To my mind, in corps work it is the ensemble effect that matters and if the drumming blends with the music and is properly expressed, then any fair-minded Judge will score that corps accordingly.

At a contest I judged last fall, I overheard one of the Judges say that he would not judge a corps unless it adhered unwaveringly to the rudiments. That man was one of the country's leading authorities on drumming. His attitude caused me to wonder what chance any corps had in that particular contest if it played a drum score that had been written to fit the bugle music.

It is well to remember that in all contests points are given for the amount of expression in the playing of the music, so why not make a special effort to win these credits? Keep in mind that when you see PP (pianissimo) on the music score it

means that particular measure should be played very softly and not that you should "pound plenty"—as many drummers seem to think.

Drummers should be instructed to hold their sticks in a uniform position, strike the drum heads in the same spot and execute flash movements in the same manner.

BUGLING

Bugling has developed in the past few years, for with the introduction of the valve bugle the scope of that instrument has been widened and any number of standard melodies may be played. This improved bugle has gone a long way toward making bugle corps contests more interesting. Some organizations allow the free use of the valve, thereby causing a decided advancement in the development of their corps.

A new field has been created, for now a man feels he is playing a musical instrument—not merely the regulation bugle. In witness to this statement, I would like to mention the adoption of the use of the free valve in 1936 by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. At their National Encampment in New Orleans in 1935 there were nineteen units competing. In Buffalo last year sixty-five units entered the various contests.

Many people ask if it is possible for a Judge to give an unprejudiced rating in a contest in which some corps use the free valve and others use the regulation bugle. Yes, this is possible. A Judge scores your unit on how it plays the piece—not on what piece it plays. No Judge will be misled by a corps' use of the valve horn if the playing of the music is poor. A corps in one of our organizations of ex-service men places in the finals each year, in spite of the fact that it uses only the regulation Army bugle and must compete with other corps using the G-D bugle.

It is important, in all contest work, that the attack be stressed, and also the correct position for holding the bugle. The bugle sections should be made to realize the importance of bringing the instruments into a playing position in the best military manner, as well as taking them out of position with a precise movement.

GENERAL EFFECT

In the past few years this subject has been added to all contest rulings in order to give to a unit that is really trying to put on a clever exhibition the points it deserves. The scoring is a little different from that in the previous subdivisions. A total of ten points is usually allowed and a unit will assume that it starts with zero and builds up its score.

The addition of the General Effect section into the ruling has proved most practical. For example, a company appears on the field and during its allotted time executes only the usual column rights, column lefts and an occasional countermarch. Another unit attempts the more intri-

cate maneuvers such as wheel movements, company fronts and other difficult formations. Under the system of scoring used in the other divisions the first unit would be able to march off the field with an almost perfect score for its simple maneuvers. The second outfit would receive no more credit for having performed its more difficult exhibition.

The same ruling applies to the musical part of the contest. A unit which will attempt for its concert number the rendition of a piece like "Light Cavalry Overture" should be entitled to more points on General Effect than a unit which offers something like "You're In the Army Now", "Pay Day" or another aria of that calibre.

The Judge on General Effect has no jurisdiction over the execution of maneuvers, that being the province of the Judge on Marching and Maneuvering.

IN contest work I cannot stress too much the fact that in order to be a top-flight outfit you must practice diligently and give your officers your whole-hearted support. Without this there can be but one result—failure. Each man must know his part perfectly, for once you march on to the field you will not have time to remember what comes next, but must spend your allotted time seeing that your dress and alignment are correct.

In all my experience I do not remember more than one or two "fixed" contests. That work is generally done by the committee in charge and not the Judges. I can truthfully say that all Judges will give you the best scoring they honestly can. After all, it does not matter to them who wins or loses. Try to remember when you are on the field that the man who is judging you will always try to be fair. He feels nothing but kindness toward you, since every Judge knows the problems your corps and other outfits must face.

IT might also be well to remember that while you are on the field probably fifteen minutes, the Judges are there till the entire contest is over. At a National Contest of Veterans last year in Buffalo the Judges were on the field at eight in the morning and remained till midnight. During all those hours they took only a short time for lunch and dinner, and while they were there the thermometer registered 100 degrees in the shade. They did a splendid job, and you will find the same willing spirit in the majority of men who serve as Judges at these contests.

When your corps marches out on the field remember that the Judges know all the rules and regulations and that they can only judge you on what you do and how you do it. So give your best under any condition. Before entering a contest ask yourselves: "Are we prepared?"

Always remember—the only outfit that can beat you is your own.

JACK DEMPSEY—who has one of the toughest beards in America—calls Gillette's new one-piece Senator Razor a knockout! And you'll agree. For at only 69¢, including five Gillette Blades, it's the greatest value in Gillette's history. Here is the first one-piece Gillette Razor ever to sell at such an amazingly low price.

Change Blades in Three Seconds!
The new Senator is the most convenient type of razor ever designed. Actually, you can change blades in three seconds! Twist the handle—and the shaving head opens! Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use. There are no separate parts

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Safe and Insane

(Continued from page 17)

born for the purpose of providing the automobile industry with a testing ground where new inventions could be checked and re-checked to insure the safety of the general driving public. Death and destruction are merely the show-window of the Speedway; its sustaining stock-in-trade are the laboratory facilities for the improvement of the breed of pleasure cars.

Why, then, is speed demanded? Because a one percent increase in the efficiency of a particular part or design at 110 m.p.h. can result in a forty or fifty percent increase in the efficiency experienced at normal driving speeds. Because it is an established fact that all wearing tendencies and the liability, breakage or failure in a car increase proportionately with an increase in speed and the strain often increases not merely in speed, but in proportion to the cube of speed. Racing conditions will reveal defects of parts and designs with reasonable and rapid certainty. Those same defects might not be evident under normal conditions until many thousands of miles have been driven, when, combined with the proportionate weakness of other parts, a particular failure can result in an untold number of casualties to the public.

You can step into the family gas-buggy, your pride and joy costing less than \$1,000, and reach a destination in one whole piece because men were at work at Indianapolis thinking of you. A quarter of a century ago the power demanded of an automobile for ordinary purposes required an unusually large motor, anywhere from 300 to 800 cubic inches in displacement. The chassis, of course, had to be proportionately heavy for the motor, with the result that cars were extremely difficult to balance and had a unique habit of getting out of control on slightly slippery roads. The people at Indianapolis were quick to recognize the advantage of smaller motors, provided an equal amount of power could be generated. Racing regulations periodically reduced the maximum size of motors acceptable at the Speedway. By 1929, racing motors had been reduced to 91.5 cubic inches, less than one-sixth the size they had been fifteen years before. Of equal importance was the fact that these same motors produced seven times the horse-power with less fuel. Indianapolis showed the manufacturers how to turn out lighter, faster, safer and cheaper cars for the wage-earner.

Ten years ago racing cars completing the 500-mile grind drank from thirty to forty-five gallons of oil. In 1933 the racers were driving the same distance, at higher speeds, on less than six gallons of oil. You,

today, are cashing in on the savings first demonstrated at Indianapolis.

The lessons learned at Indianapolis read like a high-lighted chart of the progress made by the automobile industry. Men have died that you might enjoy:

1. Four-wheel brakes.
2. Fool-proof steering mechanism.
3. Better tires.
4. Vibrationless cars.
5. Balanced weight distribution.
6. Improvement in cooling systems; stronger frames, axles and crankshafts.
7. Connecting rods, valves and pistons which rarely fail.
8. Smooth clutches.
9. Economical gasoline and oil consumption.
10. Popular-priced eight-cylinder motors.
11. Integral cylinder blocks.
12. High compression motors resulting in smoother and more economical performance.

At the inception of the Indianapolis race in 1911 almost all the competing cars were sponsored and built by commercial manufacturers. In recent years this practice has gradually disappeared, and not for the reason that the manufacturers feel there is nothing to be learned on the Speedway. Any one of them would be jolly well pleased to have his creation win the most important and celebrated automobile event in the world, but the extreme penalty which open racing imposes on mechanical weaknesses and deficiencies, with the resultant adverse publicity, deters the manufacturers from entering a car in the field.

Drivers today are free lancers who build their cars with loving care from the ground up, and the good ones, with a fair break, average about \$10,000 a year. The top-notchers hit \$25,000 a year and the winner of the Indianapolis classic collects more than \$30,000 in prize money and the testimonials for the accessory people. In the old days drivers worked for the manufacturers on a retaining fee basis and the rewards were not so good for body and soul. Cars were treacherous and unpredictable and the drivers, while attracted to the sport more for love of mechanics than love of speed and thrills, exposed themselves to greater risks.

"If you were going to die," Ralph De Palma says, "you were expected to die up in front, not in the rear, when you drove for a manufacturer."

This De Palma looks like a prosperous banker, talks like an accomplished diplomat and is a capable experimental engineer. He also happens to be the most famous driver alive, which is an important dis-

tinction. Born in Troia, Italy, fifty-five years ago, he came to America at the age of ten, began driving in 1908 and quit in 1934, to the great astonishment of one and all. That is, it was a wonder that he escaped the sudden-death and crack-ups which claimed too many of his colleagues.

During his twenty-six years behind the wheel, De Palma competed in 2,889 races and won the grand total of 2,757. He held records for from one to 1,000 miles on every conceivable type of course—road races, dirt tracks, brick and concrete speedways, hill climbs. He was the first man to do 150 miles an hour at Daytona Beach and the first to hit 100 m.p.h. at Indianapolis. He has driven more miles at Indianapolis than any other man, yet the outstanding racer of his day and age could win the 500-mile event only once, in 1915, in twelve attempts. Outrageous luck, directly traceable to imperfections in his car, cost De Palma a small fortune, but that was accepted as merely a necessarily hazardous evil by the old-timers.

Machine-failures cost De Palma at least four first prizes at Indianapolis. In 1912 he had a twenty-two-mile lead, with the finish line and \$35,000 in prize money only three and one-quarter miles away, when a bearing on his car burned out. He and the mechanic pushed the car more than a half-mile before they quit in despair. With the oiling systems in use today, De Palma probably could have won the race in reverse. As it was, he didn't collect a dime. A broken valve spring ruined him in 1919, when he had a five-mile lead and twenty-five to go. He wasted forty-five minutes in the pits changing the valve, but managed to finish fifth, anyway. Again, in 1921, when he was out in front by five miles with twenty-five to go, a connecting rod bearing burned out and he kissed first prize goodbye. And still again in '22, with almost the same lead at the same stage of the race, ignition trouble forced him to slow down from 110 miles an hour to 63, and he limped home in fifth place.

An accident launched De Palma on his racing career and accidents continued to follow him as long as he pushed the accelerator through the floor-boards. On April 25, 1908, De Palma was Albert Campbell's mechanic in the Briarcliff Race, a road race through Westchester, when a faulty steering column sent them into a brook. Campbell suffered a broken jaw-bone in the smash-up, but De Palma fished out the car, got it back on the road and drove it so well for 350 miles that he was promptly established as a driver in his own right.

De Palma and his mechanic were

almost separated from the only pairs of legs they owned when the fly-wheel of their chariot barged off and ripped through the dash-board at Elgin, Illinois, in 1913. He had another close shave in a Mercedes, the first car to feature forced feed lubrication. The system was new at the time and the oil pump was attached to the crankcase outside the car. The vibration of high-speed driving wrenched the pump loose and almost wrenched loose several highly essential parts of the De Palma anatomy. De Palma felt much better when oil pumps thereafter were built into the car under the hood.

The man has been wrecked six times and on three of those occasions he was enjoying a peaceful ride, just like our old friend, Joe Zilch, when the trouble popped. Generals who have charged at the head of armies have been left embarrassed and quite dead by falls off horses in peaceful countrysides; man's ultimate fate has overtaken dare-devils in their beds. And De Palma suffered his worst crack-up crawling along at 35 miles an hour. He was testing a touring car equipped with four-wheel brakes when he turned a curve in the road which was blocked, squarely and absolutely, by a freight train. Rather than try contusions with the train, he headed for the most convenient ditch. De Palma's contribution to science and four-wheel brakes was seven teeth.

In spite, or because of it all, De Palma would rather jockey a snorting racer around the 500-mile squirming cage that is the Indianapolis Speedway than risk his neck in the family car on a crowded road of a Sunday afternoon.

"The drivers on the Speedway know the rules and go one way," he says laconically.

Although De Palma now has retired to the safety of blue-prints and the work-shop, he still does an occasional piece of testing, a branch of experimental work which he considers more difficult and dangerous than actual racing. The cars, selected strictly from stock, must be forced to maximum speed and endurance and generally are unfamiliar to the test pilots. A racer has lived with his racing car so long that he knows it as well as he knows his wife. Sometimes better.

Last May at Indianapolis, two weeks before the big race, De Palma covered the full 500-mile course in a LaSalle at an average speed of 82.19 m.p.h., a performance which was 7.6 m.p.h. faster than the average made by Harroun, who won the first race in 1911 driving a Marmon. The stock car consumed half a pint of oil during the entire distance; Harroun's mechanized horse used about thirty gallons. And the LaSalle sold for \$1,500, while Harroun's Marmon cost \$15,000. De Palma met with no mechanical failure at all, changing one set of tires

(Continued on page 53)



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GOOD TASTE FOR

94 YEARS

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 16)

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' new novel, "The Yearling", reminds us how few boys appear these days in fiction. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are eternal, of course; they are mischievous, real fellows, but Jody Baxter will win many hearts because he is sensitive and tender-hearted.

The Baxters live in the woods and their nearest neighbors, the noisy Forresters, are miles away. These people have a touch of native humor and the shrewdness of the New Englander; they work hard raising potatoes and corn, hunting deer and bear, trapping, trading with their neighbors. Penny Baxter prides himself on his honesty, but is cheerful when he can outwit the Forresters and get a good gun in exchange for a sorry pup. Their talk sounds like dialect, but is easy to read.

When Penny Baxter gets snake-bite, he kills a doe so that he can apply its liver to the wound as a poultice. Jody finds the little fawn that has been left behind and takes it home. The fawn, Flag, becomes a pet and a pal. The night the family kills a marauding bear Jody takes the fawn to bed with him, happy because he has found an excuse to keep the deer near him. But when the fawn becomes a yearling it begins to nibble young corn as well as twigs, and Ma Baxter finds it a nuisance that can't be borne. Jody learns that life has its hard moments, not without sorrow. It's a lovely tale of the ways of one group of Americans and all the better because Mrs. Rawlings lives near them, and knows too much about them to make fun of them. (Scribners)

Down With Ol' Man River

Just as Mrs. Rawlings is the novelist of the pinelands of northern Florida, so Ben Lucien Burman is the historian of shantyboat life on the lower Mississippi. Many will remember the motion picture, "Steamboat Round the Bend", in which Will Rogers played a prominent part. The characters in that story, taken from the novel of the same name, belonged to shantyboat town, and their counterparts reappear in Mr. Burman's latest story, "Blow for a Landing".

Here we meet Willow Joe, aged 26, who has made himself a guitar out of cigar boxes and gets music out of jugs. To him calliope music is the finest there is, and he longs to take part in a contest on a show-boat for a prize. His pappy is getting old; can't see very well, and is likely to fall into the river when fishing, so his mammy, Mrs. Penny, begs Willow Joe to find them a home on the land. And so Willow Joe starts one cabin, only to have it swept away, and starts another, which sails gaily down the river in

floodtime. Eventually the Pennys get a place far from the danger of flood, but so far from Ol' Man River that they can't see or hear or smell the muddy waters, and that's exile for them all.

"It ain't livin' on the land that's bad," says the old man, "it's just livin' on the land away from the river." And that's why, year after year, the shantyboat people go back to their creaking houseboats, to the smelly marshes, to the hard life, fishing and trawling on the river. They are creatures of superstition and habit. Mr. Burman knows them and writes about them with great sympathy, so that after reading this book we can understand their predilection for the river that is both the center of their lives and the source of all their troubles. (Houghton Mifflin)

W. Somerset Maugham on Writing

W. Somerset Maugham never comments on the writing craft without having something valuable to say to the young, aspiring artist who is just embarking on a career. His comment is always personal, revealing his own experiences and methods, and distinguished for its frankness and informality. Mr. Maugham believes that "a good style should show no sign of effort" and thereupon proves it in "The Summing Up", a book of comment on his own career. It opens with his confession that he has always made use of what has happened to him in his life, that sometimes he has taken persons with whom he was slightly or intimately acquainted and used them as basic suggestions for his characters, and that fact and fiction have always been intermingled in his writings. He explains in a lucid chapter on artistic creation that "from the beginning of literature authors have had originals for their creations" and that "the practice of drawing characters from actual models is not only universal but necessary". He analyzes the trait in human beings that leads them to recognize themselves in an author's characters, becoming embittered by imperfections but failing to recognize a character more noble than its original. He tells why he writes as he does (he believes in a pattern, but not in one confining or tattered) and he sees mankind possessed of virtues and vices and endeavors to describe what he sees. He reveals himself as a writer who has always worked hard, taken his task seriously and approached it with humility. Many authors, writing on the art of fiction to explain their own careers, cannot lay aside their literary habits; Mr. Maugham, however, writes like a man speaking to an intimate, touching all the writing experiences that have been his, and doing so without pretense or

self-consciousness. It is a heartening effort and a book that should displace half the college texts now used in classes on writing. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

Miss Hawes Says to Hell With It

It is a rare opportunity when a woman can get inside information about dress designing. Of course all sorts of special articles are written about it, labelled "inside information", but most of this comes from publicity experts. To find out how smart clothes are designed, manufactured, exhibited and sold in the United States one needs the help of a leading dress designer, and for that reason "Fashion Is Spinach" by Elizabeth Hawes is something to tell around the block.

The title—well, that goes back to a famous drawing in the *New Yorker*, in which a little girl, told by her mother to eat her broccoli, says, "I says it's spinach and I say to hell with it!" Miss Hawes, taking the lid off the fashion business, says exactly the same thing about fashion.

Miss Hawes has no use for fashion, because fashion means throwing away good material because "they aren't wearing that this year". Her forte is style, individuality, comfort. She is also strongly interested in American designing and once made a trip to Paris with her exhibit and showed the Parisians what American designers could do. She has faith in American design even though she has learned that the big stores are more interested in mass sales than in providing specifically for the needs of their customers.

Whenever she suggested experimenting to American manufacturers they began to ask how long it would take to establish a new fabric or a new weave. When they heard that it would take a year or more they were not interested. We also hear of her remarkable attempt to get men to wear good-looking clothes. She knows all men are uncomfortable in the stiff bosom shirts of full evening dress, but also that they will defend their discomfort because it's the thing to do. She knows that men enjoy picking out colored neckties but will bristle at any suggestion of more color in clothes. She made a valiant attempt to popularize colors in men's clothes by giving an exhibition in which the men wore gay regalia, comfortable but apparently they wear them no more.

But as for women, Miss Hawes says that they are exposed to horrible fashions, and that there is no reason why they should submit to them. They can avoid fashion and turn to style. Style is still in its infancy, but it will come toddling along. (Random House)

Safe and Insane

(Continued from page 51)

merely as a precautionary measure. In 1911 the late Bob Burman changed forty tires while averaging 71 m.p.h. at Indianapolis. Wilbur Shaw, the 1937 winner, with an average of 113 m.p.h., changed only four tires throughout the strenuous grind. This year the racers, in addition to risking their precious necks for a share of the prize money, will be testing new gadgets, new designs for the purpose of increasing gas and oil consumption, eliminating superfluous weight and improving visibility in the construction of the frames.

So the morbid will descend upon Indianapolis on Memorial Day abnormally preoccupied with sudden, spectacular death, and perhaps one of the drivers will oblige willingly. Is it all worth while?

"I believe it is," De Palma says. "As a result of the experiences at Indianapolis, the manufacturers are turning out good cars today—almost as good as the ads read."



Your Dog

(Continued from page 23)

sary, hold the hand closely over the nose for a minute so that for want of air, he mustgulp and swallow. He will deceive you if he can by pretending to swallow although he really doesn't.

If he refuses to open his mouth, pull the lips apart near the back corner of the mouth into a funnel shape, and if the medicine be liquid, pour it through the opening between the teeth. However, the master should be master and medicine should be administered by forcing open the mouth of the dog. If the medicine is in a bottle, the neck of the bottle can be placed inside the lips of the dog on one side.

A large dog can be backed against the wall or into a corner to render him more manageable. If paste or pills are to be given, they can be mixed in a piece of meat and given to the dog but only when he is very hungry. If the medicine is strong tasting, some syrup or sugar can be added to make it tasty for the dog.

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, enclose stamp for reply and we will be glad to answer your questions or will send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

"You takes a lil' tech o'dis,
an' a lil' dab o'dat..."



You remember the story of the colored mammy who was telling her little mistress how to make a cake . . . "a tech of dis, and a dab of dat"!

To assure your car of perfect lubrication, Quaker State goes about its daily transformation of the finest Pennsylvania crude oil into a useful product differently from the old mammy. Instead of a rule of thumb "tech of dis and a dab of dat" method,

the most exacting control modern science can provide is used to remove all impurities. The final result is a motor oil *so pure* that the most sensitive chemical test cannot find a trace of acid. And, the common complaints of sludge, carbon and corrosion are wholly overcome.

Quaker State's four great, modern refineries employ a group of scientists who have spent a working lifetime in solving the problems of refining the world's best motor oil. Every drop of Quaker State is rich, pure lubricant. *Acid-Free Quaker State* will make your car run better, last longer! Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Penna.

Buy Acid-Free Quaker State

IT MAKES CARS RUN BETTER
LAST LONGER



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 37)

son County. Before the meeting a dinner was given for the Grand Exalted Ruler at the "Top Hat," Union City. Mr. Vignati acted as Toastmaster.

More than 300 Elks from all of the lodges in the Long Island area were present when Grand Exalted Ruler Hart made his official visit to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, on March 3. Arriving in the afternoon, Major Hart was escorted by E.R. James H. Hagan and his officers to the municipal building where he inspected the Elks' Good Health Clinic, which is under the direction of Dr. William H. Runcie. Later he was the guest of honor at a dinner in the lodge home. Mayor R. E. Patterson welcomed him to Freeport. Mr. Hagan acted as Toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler presided at the regular lodge session at which a class of 39 candidates was initiated. He was assisted by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge and the uniformed drill team. P.E.R. H. Alfred Vollmer was Chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements for the night's program. D.D. George I. Hall, Lynbrook, and P.D.D. Frank R. Wassung, Norwich, were there.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, on March 5, opened with a dinner given by Past Exalted Rulers and Trustees, after which adjournment was made to the lodge home. There a large class was initiated in the auditorium by E. R. Murray B. Sheldon, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Association, and his staff of officers. The address of welcome was made by Mayor Joseph A. Brophy, P.E.R. At the close of the speech delivered by Major Hart to the more than 800 members of the Order who were present, tables were set up for a banquet which was followed by a floor show. Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Newark; Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D.'s Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook, Orville V. Meslar, Morristown, John C. Wegner, Paterson, and Alfred P. Mitchell, Mount Holly; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, present and past officers of the State Association, and other leading New Jersey Elks, were in attendance.

On Sunday, March 6, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart made a visitation to Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. During the afternoon, with Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady of Boston and Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther of Newark, he met in a conference at the Hotel Traymore with officers of the N. J. State Elks Assn. and a group representing the Convention Committee of the local lodge. Plans for the 74th National

Convention of the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City in July were discussed and a tentative program laid out. Major Hart expressed great satisfaction at the progress shown by the Atlantic City Committee. The Grand Esquire announced that the route of the Convention Parade, to be held on the afternoon of Thursday, July 14, would be along the world-famous boardwalk.

Among others who attended the conference were E.R. Harold L. Wertheimer; Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; the Grand Exalted Ruler's Secretary, Mr. Flood; Richard E. Swift, Chairman of the local lodge's Convention Committee, and the committee members, and past and present officers of the State Association, including several Past Presidents.

In the evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hart attended a banquet and dance given at the Hotel Chelsea by Atlantic City Lodge in celebration of the 44th anniversary of the founding of the lodge. Trustee William F. Casey, City Commissioner, presented Major Hart with a gold key to the city. The lodge gave him a beautiful traveling case. The principal address was delivered by Major Hart and will long be remembered by all present. Other speakers at the banquet were Past State Pres. Nicholas Albano, Newark, E.R. Max Slepian, Philadelphia, and Mr. Wertheimer. D.D. A. P. Mitchell of Mount Holly Lodge, and Past State Pres. Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, were among the distinguished Elks who were present.

THE members of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767, turned out in full force on March 8 to pay tribute to the honor guests of the evening, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart and P.E.R. Stephen McGrath, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., who was making his official visit to his home lodge. Over 300 visiting Elks from 16 sister lodges journeyed to Oneida for the meeting. Major Hart made a stirring patriotic speech, and also paid a personal tribute to Capt. McGrath, adding his thanks for the valuable assistance given him during his administration by the Captain as President of the Elks Association of his State.

A feature of the meeting was the initiation of a class of 35 candidates by the Troop D, New York State Police, Degree Team of Oneida Lodge. The members of the team were in full uniform and gave a perfect rendition of the Ritual. At the close of the ceremonies, Major Hart was presented with a large tray by the members of Oneida Lodge.

An active program of American-

ism by all fraternal organizations was advocated by Major Hart near the close of his address before 400 Elks gathered in the lodge rooms of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226, on March 9. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Capt. McGrath were guests of the lodge both in the afternoon and evening. The highlights of the program were the 6:30 banquet at the Hotel Kingsborough, the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, the presentation of veterans' buttons to 25-year members of the local lodge, the initiation of a class of 71 candidates and the reinstatement of 51 former members. Major Hart was presented with a set of house chimes for his doorbell by Past State Pres. George W. Denton, P.E.R. The other speakers were E.R. John H. Arnott; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. Raymond P. Madden, Schenectady; Capt. McGrath and State Vice-Pres. Frederick Schrecker, Gloversville.

ELKS from lodges throughout western Pennsylvania, as well as other parts of the State and from southwestern New York, began to arrive in large numbers early in the afternoon for the Annual Round-up of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Northwest District, held on March 26 at Warren in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The full attendance was estimated at more than 600. Registration took place at the home of Warren Lodge No. 223 where open house was held.

The first formal event was the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet at 6 P.M. at the Woman's Club. Robert M. Dale of Oil City Lodge, Pres. of the N. W. Dist. Assn., was Toastmaster. At the same time a dinner at the Y.W.C.A. was given for the 200 candidates awaiting initiation. The officers of Warren Lodge, headed by E.R. E. W. Hildum, were in charge of the meeting which took place in the Armory. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, were specially introduced to the assemblage. On this night Grand Lodge and State officials, Past and present District Deputies, and district and lodge officers, made up a large percentage of those in attendance. Past Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State Pres. Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, were among the speakers. The evening closed with a reception and buffet lunch at the home of Warren Lodge. Special afternoon and evening receptions were held at the home for the ladies. An account of other visits made by Major Hart will appear in June.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 35)

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Closes a Year Marked by Success

In reviewing what was one of its most successful lodge years, Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, found that nationality nights had again been among its most popular social activities. Irish and Italian Nights brought large crowds of local members and Elks from surrounding towns and cities. A banquet, with a suitable menu and appropriate entertainment, was served on each occasion. French Night was equally enjoyable. The Leominster Elks were victors in whist and tournament parties over the Men's Club of the Shirley, Mass., Industrial School for Boys.

E.R. Sydney T. Harvey, whose leadership was largely responsible for the good year so gratifying to the membership, has been succeeded by John F. Sullivan. With Mr. Sullivan and his staff in charge, the lodge is again in good hands and looking forward to another year of successful endeavor.

Passing of Secy. A. Abrahamsen of New Orleans, La., Lodge

P.E.R. Abe Abrahamsen, Secy. of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, passed away on the evening of March 19. He was buried in the Elks' Tomb in New Orleans, with the Ritual of the Order being impressively carried out. Mr. Abrahamsen served as District Deputy for Louisiana, South, in 1927-28 and 1928-29.

Triple Celebration Held by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, celebrated three important events on Saturday, Feb. 26—the 47th anniversary of its institution, the silver anniversary of the dedication of the Lodge home, and the 70th birthday of the Order. P.D.D. Otto Powell, P.E.R., was General Chairman of the various committees in charge. D.D. H. C. Olcott of Red Lodge paid a special visit and was one of the speakers. The program opened with a 6 o'clock dinner in the banquet room for members of 25 or more years standing of whom there are 152, four being charter members. The initiation of a large class was a feature of the meeting and a buffet supper was served during the social session. Music was furnished by the Elks Chorus and Band. The affair was for Elks only and was attended by members of many lodges of Montana and some in adjoining States.

Navy Night and Other Activities of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge

The evening of March 9 was designated as "All Navy Night" at Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181. A

large class of enlisted men was initiated and a crowd was on hand for the ceremonies. On March 30 another class was initiated. This time the candidates, numbering over 50, were all civilians.

Included in the lodge's safety work is a campaign for safe bicycling. The Safety Committee is active in teaching boys and girls who ride bicycles the rules and laws of the city and State. Each boy and girl is instructed and put through a test. Those passing receive bicycle certificates. Every bicycle is thoroughly examined, and must be brought up to requirements before used, if found defective. Harry C. Klopp, a member of the Safety Committee, designed the honor certificate and safety sticker used by the lodge which put through an order for 10,000 and attended to their distribution. The stickers were placed on practically every car in Kitsap County with permission of the State Highway Patrol whose 100 per cent cooperation has been extremely helpful to the Elks in their endeavors. Many were placed on transient cars. Since the campaign began, safety conditions have been greatly improved.

Connellsville, Pa., Elks Hold Open House During Anniversary Week

In connection with the celebration of the 40th Anniversary of Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 503, fifty prominent local citizens were initiated into the lodge on March 13 by the officers and degree team of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370. D.D. Edward J. Linney of New Kensington was present with many of his fellow members, and Elks attended from all of the lodges of the Penna. Cent. District. The officers of Uniontown Lodge assisted in the institution of Connellsville Lodge in 1899 and installed its first officers.

Open House was held during Anniversary Week. A special invitation was extended to the public to inspect the fine building that houses the lodge, and the new grill rooms in particular. The rooms are perfectly appointed, handsome and comfortable.

P.E.R. Jules Bertero of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Is Dead

P.E.R. Jules Bertero of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, a nationally known Elk, died on February 7 of pneumonia at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. He was 77 years of age. His body was brought back to his home city, and he was buried from St. Charles Borromeo Catholic Church. Interment took place in Calvary Cemetery. Although he had resided for the past two years in Los Angeles, where his sister and

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AXEL CHRISTENSEN, 755 Kimball Hall, Chicago

brother are living, he had been for so long an officer of St. Louis lodge and a popular figure at the home, that the news of his passing was received with sorrow by the whole membership. He had served as Secretary from 1901 to 1930.

Mr. Bertero was initiated into St. Louis Lodge in 1895. He was a Past Exalted Ruler. His zealous efforts were largely instrumental in the purchase of a permanent home for the lodge. He made a practice never to miss a Grand Lodge Convention if it were possible for him to attend. Mr. Bertero was born and educated in St. Louis. He was President of the Italian Club of St. Louis for many years. The collecting of antiques was his hobby, and for a time he conducted a high-class antique shop. He was connected with the Walter Wood Harvesting Company for a considerable period.

Sullivan, Ind., Elks Conduct Rites for Percy Gerrard, Tiler

Funeral rites were held on March 16 at the home of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, for Percy Gerrard, Tiler for more than 30 years. The ritualistic services of the Order were performed, with P.E.R. Dr. S. E. Lindley acting as Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Gerrard was affectionately known as "Dad." He numbered his friends among members of Indiana and Illinois lodges by the hundreds. He had welcomed many Grand Exalted Rulers and other high officials of the Order to the lodge home during his long service as Tiler and Custodian, and his happy disposition and sterling qualities will be long remembered by those he helped to entertain as well as the members of his own lodge. Mr. Gerrard was buried at his old home, Palestine, Ill. He was 58 years of age.

Lowell, Mass., Lodge Furnishes Speakers at Safety Broadcasts

In addition to the usual features of its regular broadcasts in connection with the Grand Exalted Ruler's Safety program, Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, furnishes a speaker to finish out the last three minutes of time. At its eleventh broadcast over Station WLLH, D.D. George Steele of Gloucester Lodge spoke on the results of the campaign in Massachusetts and made further appeals for careful conduct on the part of pedestrians and motorists alike, on streets and on highways.

Class Travels Far for Initiation Into Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge

A special meeting of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, was held recently for the purpose of initiating a class of candidates, most of whom were employees of the Howe Sound Copper Mine. Members of the class had to travel 50 miles by boat down Lake Chelan to the point where they were met by a welcoming party of Wenatchee Elks who escorted them, by automobile, the rest of the way—

almost another 50 miles—to Wenatchee. A chicken dinner was served at 6:30 P. M. in the banquet room, followed by the lodge session and initiation ceremonies, dancing and entertainment. The Wenatchee Hill Billy Band made its first public appearance that evening.

Jim Burns was presented with an honorary life membership during the meeting. This is an honor held by only four other Wenatchee Elks. During his 18 years of membership, Mr. Burns has brought in more new members than any one else, and it was through his interest and efforts that the class from the Howe Sound Mine, where he is an employee, was formed.

300 Oshkosh, Wis., Elks Enjoy Features of P.E.R.'s Night

Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge, No. 292, was attended by 300 members, and 24 candidates were initiated by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge headed by Frank B. Keefe. Mr. Keefe's son and brother were among those initiated, and John Pennau and his son Karl were "father and son" members of the class.

E.R. O. A. Lichtenberger made the welcoming address. The charter members present were Henry Bass, Col. H. I. Weed, C. M. Hahn, T. R. Frentz, F. B. Barnes and Dr. C. C. Finney. Dr. Finney was elected Tiler when the lodge was instituted in 1895. He has served in that capacity ever since. An old-time fiddlers' orchestra was a feature of the appropriate entertainment program.

Band of Bismarck, N. D., Lodge Gives Publicity to New Home

Bismarck, N. D., Lodge, No. 1199, used its 45-piece band to excellent advantage in advertising its new \$50,000 home which was dedicated April 21-22-23. The Band made several Sunday good will tours at the head of caravans of from 15 to 25 cars to neighboring lodges and to small towns in the Bismarck trade area. It will take a prominent part in parades scheduled for the N. D. State Elks Convention in Mandan in June. Numerous invitations to take part in various public functions are constantly received by the director of the organization, Curt Dirlam.

The home of Bismarck Lodge is one of the finest in that section of the country. Air-conditioned and automatically heated, it is up-to-date in every respect, and besides its club facilities has a beautiful lodge room and a well equipped gymnasium.

1938 Summer Tour of Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks Junior Band

The 16th Annual Good Will Tour and Cruise sponsored by the Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, to the Canadian lakes by way of Cincinnati and Detroit, will include among its special features trips to the home of the Dionne Quintuplets, the Edison Mu-

seum and the Blue Mountain Ice Caves. The party will be led again this year by Mayor E. D. Bass, P.E.R., and will leave Chattanooga on June 19, returning on the 26th.

Each year about 200 Elks and their friends make the trip with the Band. The boys are handsomely uniformed and equipped. They give concerts en route and at the various stopping places. The Havana tour last year was a great success. P.E.R. W. V. Turley, Managing Director of the Band, states that he will be glad to give information to other lodges interested in the organization of like units. He can be reached at 1103 Chestnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

D.D. A. L. Kleps, Jr., Honored by His Lodge, Batavia, N. Y.

Four hundred Elks from western and southern New York Lodges were among the 600 members of the order who attended the homecoming celebration held by Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, honoring Albert L. Kleps, Jr., D.D. for N. Y. West District. The meeting took place at St. Anthony's Community Center. It was presided over by E.R. Robert E. Noonan. Sharing honors with his son was P.E.R. Albert F. Kleps who acted as his official escort. Both are former Vice-Presidents of the N. Y. State Elks Association. When his son was Vice-President, Mr. Kleps, Sr., accompanied him as official escort on his visits to the lodges, and has acted in the same capacity during the present lodge year on the visits Mr. Kleps, Jr. has made as District Deputy.

Seated on the stage were the Exalted Rulers of every lodge in the district, two State Vice-Presidents and ten past District Deputies. The largest delegation present came from Rochester Lodge, No. 24, traveling in three chartered buses. The Buffalo Elks Drill Team, under the leadership of State Trustee Martin Mulligan, Captain of the Buffalo Police Force, acted as escorts to the delegations as they entered the auditorium.

The District Deputy devoted most of his talk to traffic safety, and his father addressed the gathering on the ideals and principles of the Order. Among the other speakers were Past Grand Chaplain Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, P.E.R. of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, and State Vice-Pres. Roy C. Glawf, North Tonawanda.

Jackson, Mich., Lodge Initiates a Class on P.E.R.'s Night

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, observed Past Exalted Rulers' Night recently with an initiation, a social session and an entertainment program. A capacity crowd was present. P.E.R. John F. Callahan, who officiated as Exalted Ruler, had the pleasure of initiating his son, Francis E. Callahan, a member of the Class. All of the Chairs were filled by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge.

MEN SEARCHED THEIR CELLARS FOR FINE OLD WHISKIES



SO SEAGRAM COULD PROVE THAT CROWNS TASTE FINER
THAN FAMOUS BLENDED WHISKIES OF "THE OLD DAYS"



THINK
before you drink
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

SEAGRAM advertised for rare old whiskies... paid \$25 for each bottle of a bona fide blend bottled before 1919. Then Seagram asked its qualified experts to compare these old blends... side by side with 5 and 7 Crown. Unanimously these men agreed: "Crowns are finer tasting, smoother."

Seagram has searched the world to single out the few master blenders capa-

ble of producing that unrivalled Crown taste. A taste so fine that—from July, 1935, to December, 1937—in 14 states that publish records*—more people bought Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other blended whiskies in their price class combined.

Blending skill explains it. At the bar—or wherever you buy—think before you drink... say Seagram's and be sure.

*Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to \$1.50 per pint. Copy. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

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They're Finer - They Taste Better
BECAUSE THEY'RE **MASTER BLENDED**

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.
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SHE COMBS THE WORLD FOR PICTURES THAT THRILL!

What Margaret Bourke-White, America's famous woman photographer, said when Ralph Martin inquired if she thought that one cigarette was as good as another



"Cigarettes seem pretty much alike to me. Do you find some difference between Camels and the others, Miss Bourke-White?"

LUMBER CAMPS, dams, skyscrapers, mines, subways (as above)—appeal to Margaret Bourke-White. She has gone all over the United States, to the Arctic, to far countries. Her photographs are now internationally famous for their vigor and sensational interest. They're *different!* And that's just what Miss Bourke-White said 'bout Camels to Ralph Martin at the New York World's Fair grounds (right).

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America's great fun-maker and personality, brought to you by Camel cigarettes, every Monday night over Columbia Network. See local newspaper for time.

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Hear the great Goodman Swing Band "go to town." Every Tuesday night at 8:30 pm E. S. T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over Columbia Network.



MISS BOURKE-WHITE is fond of doing the things most alert young women do—dancing, going to the theatre. "And," she says, "I have Camels with me. Camels make a big difference in smoking."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER **"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME"**

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Expert growers tell their preference in cigarettes
— it's Camel!

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco," tobacco planters say



Floyd Smither, who grows tobacco, says: "Last year I grew a handsome crop. The Camel people bought up all the choice lots. I smoke Camels—so do most planters. I know the quality of tobacco that goes into them."



Harry C. King, a successful grower for twenty years, says: "Camel bought the choice lots of my last tobacco crop—paid more for them. So I know they use finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels. That's why Camel is my cigarette."



"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says T. N. Williams, who grows fine tobacco. "There's no question—the more expensive tobacco goes into Camels. I prefer Camels, and most other planters do, too."